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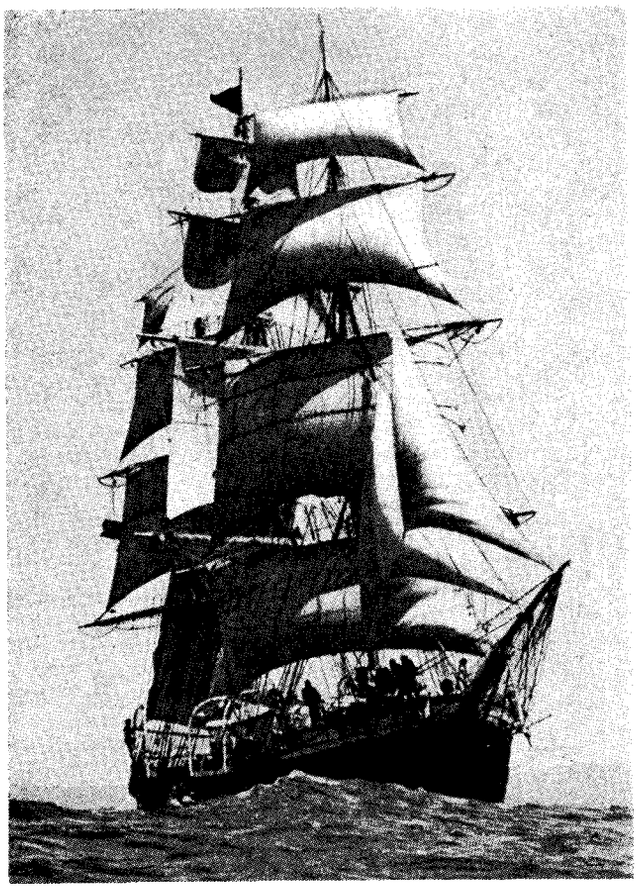
American Civilization: 1922-1938

BY ALLAN NEVINS

THE history of the United States since 1914 has been that of a ship suddenly emerging from a quiet bay into a tempestuous ocean. Into our generation has been crowded a series of upheavals such as the nation experienced only once before, in the years from 1854 to 1877. Even then Americans felt no such sense of helpless subjection to onsets beyond their own control, of exposure to the buffetings of worldwide gales. We are in the shadow-belt that James Bryce about 1880 described as imminent. But it has proved doubly a shadow-belt: not only all the internal problems that he accurately presaged — increasing population, congestion, poverty, depleted natural resources, class antagonisms, the desperate battle of individualism against collectivism — but superadded those problems of a war-harried, dictator-ridden, restlessly heaving world that nobody could have foreseen. Nor is this the whole story. Underneath the surface storms are the deeper currents: the steady thrust of science, technology, and new economic process, veering now here, now there, and bearing us in directions that defy the chart. Never were Lord Morley's words more true: great social and economic changes are constantly sweeping over nations that are but half conscious of the transformation until after it is accomplished.



"The history of the United States since 1914 has been that of a ship suddenly emerging from a quiet bay into a tempestuous ocean" . . . (Photo from "The Making of a Sailor" by Alan Villiers: Morrow.)

Mr. Stearns, who edited "Civilization in the United States" in 1922, has just enlisted thirty-six collaborators in a roughly similar assay of our culture, "America Now."* His book is what Hugo Münsterberg once called a "police report." It has no philosophic unity and makes no effort at interpretive synthesis; it does not grapple with fundamentals, but presents rather a description of the outward aspects and prospects of two-score compartments of American life. Some are institutions—the church, the press; some are movements—labor, radicalism; some are facets of culture—literature, music, art; some are professions—medicine, advertising; some are types of living—the small town, the family. The authors are as varied as the contributions, and the modes of approach are more varied still. Some are defensive, some acidly hostile, some factual, some theoretical. But what most of them have in common is a descriptive quality, analysis being left to three foreign essayists, Lin Yutang, H. Valle, and Sir Willmott Lewis, who dissect American civilization from the Oriental, the Latin, and the English points of view respectively.

It is perhaps unfortunate that the editor did not invite his contributors to probe deeper, and prescribe some approach—suggest some thesis or synthesis —which would have stimulated them to do so. Granting that reassessments of American civilization from time to time are indispensable, we may choose from a considerable variety of methods. There is the historical attack on the subject, perhaps best exemplified in the Beards' huge summary of the American past, issuing in certain sharp conclusions upon the American present. There is the historical-philosophical approach, as in Herbert Croly's "Promise of American Life," or some of Santayana's essays. There is the combination of description and analytical interpretation, exemplified in the work of numerous foreigners from De Tocqueville and Bryce down to M. L. Bonn's "American Adventure." There is the scientific attack, which gave us the two heavy tomes of "Recent Social Trends," and the two very superior volumes of "Recent Economic Changes." Of them all the mere police report is probably the most amusing and the least illuminating. Mr. Stearns and his co-workers have done their work ably as a piece of journalism; but little if any of it is more than journalism. Here we may find what Frank Lloyd Wright has accomplished for American architecture without finding out what relation current architecture has to basic forces in American life; here we may discover part of what Hemingway and Sinclair Lewis have done for American literature, without any data on why and how the changing American spirit produced Hemingway and Lewis; here we many learn what the CIO means to three million Americans, but not what it means to 130 million. The book is a good, competent job, but not a very big job. It is as wide as a barn door, but it is not as deep as a well.

The fact is that in the twenty years (roughly speaking) between Mr. Stearns's

* *AMERICA NOW: AN INQUIRY INTO CIVILIZATION IN THE UNITED STATES. By Thirty-six Americans. Edited by Harold E. Stearns. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1938. $3.

Next Week

TESTAMENT
By R. C. HUTCHINSON
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

THE NOISE OF THEIR WINGS
By MACKINLAY KANTOR
Reviewed by Louis J. Halle, Jr.

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two books, America has unquestionably suffered changes greater than it experienced in the twenty years between Jefferson and Van Buren, or between Jackson and Lincoln. Their sweeping character is not so evident to us because we are not yet able to survey them with due perspective. It should be one of the functions of such a book as this, a function beyond the mere police report, to help give us the needed perspective. In the broad view, the chief single accomplishment of the volume is only that it depicts afresh the immense variety and multiformity of American civilization. The voices of these thirty-six specialists fall on the ear with a confused clamor; and that is precisely one quality of American life, its clamorous confusion, its variegation and versatility. The larger transformations of the time are but vaguely suggested. The changing nature of the state; the twilight of Puritanism; the decay of many ideas and some ideals of middle-class capitalism; the rationalization of religion and family life; the progress of urbanization; the continued advance, despite many setbacks, of democracy toward that ideal society of free men which has been a cherished concept since the Mayflower Compact;—these massive facts loom up through fast-swirling clouds of minor changes. On the minor changes, in science, in invention, in sport, in psychiatry, in religion, in poetry, and in thirty more topics, this book offers a wealth of information. It is only by sifting it through the mind, reassorting it, and evolving conclusions, that one can get at any major meanings. But it is no small service to demonstrate how numerous, how full of eager vitality, and how progressive are the components of American life.

John Cowles: "On the whole, our papers are pretty honest."

John Chamberlain "is harsh in his treatment of the recent novel."

What are some of the major developments of the period? In these twenty years prohibition has risen and fallen; a fact perhaps not important in itself, but highly important in relation to American mores and the loosening grip of rural tradition. The rigorous exclusion of all but a dribble of immigrants, abruptly reversing the practice of three centuries, has apparently been made an immovable national policy. This time the change is important in itself, but equally significant in the light it throws upon our changed American convictions as to economic opportunity and the need for greater social homogeneity. The Negro has simultaneously moved North, converting our most painful problem from a sectional to a national question. The great boom and greater depression have had still unplumbed effects on the relation between big business and small business, on the concentration of capital, and on the attitude of employers to labor. The automobile has in large parts of America almost completed the extinction of the small town, at least as a trading and cultural center, with far-reaching effects on the national mind and spirit. The forces which mould public opinion have been vitally altered by the rise of the radio, the downward slip of the best magazines, and the alteration of most newspapers into neutral, mindless sheets, devoid of any opinions save those which the syndicated columnists thrust into them. The old social aristocracy in the Knickerbocker, Brahmin, or Four Hundred sense has vanished from the American scene, culture has become not more aristocratic in character (as many observers predicted about 1900) but less so, and a great leveling of wealth and opportunity seems to have begun.

Louise Bogan "thinks poetry has dropped to a low ebb."

Two changes in spirit and policy perhaps loom up above all others: the socialization of American democracy, and the increasing nationalism of its temper and outlook. The Wilsonian type of liberal would say that since 1918 American democracy has achieved one great victory and sustained one great defeat. We have witnessed a profound and largely permanent extension of the processes of government for social betterment and for the restriction of business power and appetite. The old jealous fear of Federal intrusion into any but the most necessary fields of administration and regulation has been shattered forever. Many readers will recall that the first demands for national relief in local fields, during the rural distress of the Coolidge period, were sometimes answered in Eastern newspapers by reprinting Cleveland's famous veto message upon a bill appropriating money to give seed to a stricken Texas community. Cleveland had remarked that the people should always support the government, never the government the people. Today that message seems unreal, and the coming generation will find it difficult to believe that it could ever have been deemed (and in 1887 rightly) a wise and courageous document. The bounds of Federal concern with labor and the farmer, of national action to regulate business, and above all of Federal legislation for human welfare, have been startlingly widened. A veritable revolution in the distribution of wealth, as Nicholas Murray Butler recently said, is being accomplished through taxation.

Sherill Schell

Sheldon Cheney thinks "government support revivifies art interest."

At a stride we have caught up with the England of post-Lloyd-Georgian days. The majority of Americans have assented to the principle that a growing population, without new frontiers or new lands, with uncertain prospects for new industries, and without expanding markets overseas, must be governed in a radically different spirit from the nation of Taft; that it is actually *a different* population from that of 1910.

For the Wilsonian type of liberal the great simultaneous defeat lies in the conversion of the American people to a more and more deeply ingrained nationalism. Under Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, the United States was little by little courageously accepting its responsibilities as a member of a world community. Internationalism and pacifism were spreading until they had become common attitudes of mind. In 1917-18 they kindled American idealism as it had not been kindled since free soil days. It seemed then that the United States might be permanently enlisted in the struggle to make the world less an arena of battle, more a field of coöperative effort, a true community of peoples. That tendency was defeated, partly at home and partly abroad, partly by determined opposition and partly by sheer bad luck and inadvertence; and the defeat now seems irretrievable. We have more and more turned our backs upon world chaos and fixed our eyes upon domestic affairs; we are daily becoming more nationalistic and self-centered. We

(*Continued on page* 14)

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Two Lives of a Woman

ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO. By Rachel Field. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

A REVIEWER who was familiar with the literature of the Praslin Murder Case would almost certainly be tempted to compare the character of Henriette Deluzy-Desportes as drawn by Edmund Lester Pearson, Joseph Shearing, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, and other writers whom the case has fascinated, with the character of Henriette as delineated in this novel by the French heroine's great-niece by marriage. What precisely was "Mademoiselle D's" part, active or passive, in the tragedy of the Faubourg Saint Honoré which shocked France and rocked a throne in 1847? Was this governess the scheming mistress of the Duc de Choiseul-Praslin, and had she poisoned the minds of his children against their passionate and jealous Corsican mother, as the public of Paris then believed; or was her devotion to the Praslin children as unselfish, and her loyalty to the Duc as innocent, as her great-niece would now have us believe? Will other students of the case quarrel or agree with the portrait that Rachel Field has drawn of "Henriette Desportes, The Beloved Wife of Henry M. Field, Died March 6, 1875," on whose tombstone the novelist, as a child, "often cracked butternuts"? And what will they have to say about her entirely sympathetic characterization of the Duc? In exactly what proportions have "history, rumor, and imagination" contributed to these portraits and this narrative?

I cannot answer these questions, because Miss Field herself has told me all that I know of her great-aunt's history. So I can read "All This, and Heaven Too" only as a novel; which may be just as well, for it was written as a novel and, whatever its factual content, it succeeds triumphantly as a work of imaginative literature. The author has projected herself into the mind and being of the woman whose life has long fascinated her, and, in giving us the story she has "always wanted to tell," she has given us her best and richest fiction.

It is a story that divides itself into two parts, as sharply contrasted as shadow and sunlight. The first part mounts with ever-increasing intensity to its tragic, murderous climax; the second, with all emotional tensions gradually relaxing, descends gently to the levels of candid love and simple domestic happiness. As governess in the Praslin household, Henriette Desportes was enmeshed and finally almost destroyed by a snarl of conflicting passions. As wife of the Reverend Henry M. Field, in West Springfield, Massachusetts, and in Gramercy Park, she was healed of her hurts and made whole and happy. In the Paris of 1847, she was a prisoner in the Conciergerie and "the most despised and talked-of figure in France." Ten years later, in the house of East Eighteenth Street, where the door knocker was always active on Sunday afternoons, she was a gracious hostess who commanded the respect and affection of such guests as William Cullen Bryant, Peter Cooper, the Beechers, Samuel Morse, Bayard Taylor, and Edmund Clarence Stedman. She was a woman who lived through two distinct and wholly different lives. Either, alone, would have been remarkable; experienced successively, they were unique. Only a woman of Henriette Desportes's absolute integrity, abounding vitality, and unflinching courage, could have survived the first and graced the second. (At this point it must be plain that at least one reviewer accepts Miss Field's interpretation of her great-aunt's character as the one and only Authorized Version.)

Henriette Desportes's first life, obviously, makes much more exciting reading than her second, and the transparently honest, admirable, and appealingly boyish Henry Field is no match, in the arts of fascination, for the handsome and enigmatic figure of the Duc de Praslin. It is sure proof of Rachel Field's powers that she has succeeded in carrying her story to its conclusion without permitting her readers to suffer any sense of let-down or anti-climax. She has made Henriette so real to us, and has so absorbed us in her fate, that we follow her with unabating interest to the end, and actually find happiness in her happiness. But the years during which she becomes real to us were spent in the Praslin household, in Paris, in the Duchesse's native Corsica, and in the Duc's chateau at Melun; and it is the events of those years that capture our imagination and command our memory.

Henriette knew that she was accepting a "difficult" post when she went to the Faubourg Saint Honoré in 1841, but she could not guess at the emotions that writhed and grappled beneath the surface-existence of her aristocratic employers, and she could not foresee the strange and subtly-shaded relationship that would unite her with the Duc. Never, in her wildest imagining, could she have anticipated the steps that would lead to the murder of a desperately unhappy woman by a desperately unhappy man, and she was never to grasp the whole truth of the affair in which she played a helpless part.

Henriette and the Duc,—theirs is a love story unfamiliar to fiction. For it is a love story, though neither the man nor the woman moved towards fulfillment, though neither may have admitted even inwardly that there had been frustration. This love story is at the heart of the history of Henriette Desportes, as it is written in Miss Field's Authorized Version, and it is at the heart of her second life as well as of her first, for the explanation of what Henry Field came to mean to her must be sought in what the Duc de Choiseul-Praslin had meant to her.

We may speculate on what might have happened to Henriette if she had not met a certain young American preacher, but we can be sure that if that meeting had not occurred an author and her readers would have been the losers. Rachel Field would not have known the most potent inspiration that she has yet experienced, and we should not be enjoying the finest novel that she has yet written.

"It is a story that divides itself into two parts, as sharply contrasted as shadow and sunlight." . . . (From the jacket of "All This, and Heaven Too.")

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Interviewing the Titans

TURBULENT YEARS. By Isaac F. Marcosson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by EUGENE LYONS

ISAAC F. MARCOSSON is decidedly the world's most energetic and successful journalistic lion-hunter. The mounted heads of the great ones of three decades and all human habitats—in the form of inscribed and autographed photographs—crowd the wall space in his home; more than a score of these trophies are scattered through the volume under review. No doubt he has met and conversed with persons below the rank of tycoon, dictator, or premier, but there is no evidence of such humbler matters in "Turbulent Years," which is a sequel to his "Adventures in Interviewing," published in 1919. His book tells it dramatically and with a sober detachment, in terms of outstanding leaders whom he has interviewed for the *Saturday Evening Post;* which means nearly everyone in both hemispheres who was worth interviewing. Hitler and Stalin are the notable exceptions, but the hiatus is amply filled by exciting chapters about Russia and Germany built around other personalities in those countries.

Ivar Kreuger "reared an industrial mastodon" . . .

Mr. Marcosson has made no attempt to organize the story either chronologically or geographically. It ranges through time and space, skipping easily from Hugo Stinnes and Ivar Kreuger, the opening subjects of his book, to the Emperor of Japan, Mussolini, and Kemal Ataturk; from Calles in Mexico to Chang Tso-lin and Sun Yat-sen in China. The Big Three of France (Clemenceau, Poincaré, Briand), followed by an impressive German trio (Rathenau, Stresemann, Brüning), and a Soviet Russian threesome (Trotsky, Kalinin, Rykov), are merely the more formidable among contemporary political colossi whom the author has cross-examined, and whose number includes Primo de Rivera, Marshal Josef Pilsudski, all the Latin American dictators meriting notice in the *Saturday Evening Post,* Hindenburg, Noske, Dr. Ignaz Seipel, Ramsay MacDonald, and Stanley Baldwin. A reporter whose career can be recapitulated in such names can be forgiven the touch of professional boastfulness that runs through the pages; indeed, considering the cumulative achievement, the memoir is remarkably restrained in this respect.

Mr. Marcosson brings twenty years of world affairs into close-up focus, a good deal foreshortened by reason of his emphasis on a few central personalities, but without blurring the significant contents of those years. He has a gift for pithy characterization and straightforward description of people, places, and events. Though his primary concern is with the great men whom he trails, corners, and finally pins down on the pages of his magazine, he does not neglect setting and background. Every chapter is thus both a full-length portrait of a crucial historical figure and a workmanlike description of the country and the events which framed the sitter. The section devoted to Kemal Ataturk, the least known of the "mail-fisted gentry," is among the best in the book, at once a close-up of the Turkish dictator and a summation of the little-known history of modern Turkey.

While national and international politics monopolize most of the book, the accounts of those financial wizards of post-war Europe, Hugo Stinnes and the Swedish match king, Ivar Kreuger, are among the most impressive contributions made by Mr. Marcosson. Stinnes at the peak of his power "sat on sixty boards of directors and was interested in exactly 1533 exploitations. More than 700,000 workers were employed in the enterprises which he controlled, or touched in some way. He amassed a fortune of $100,000,000 within the space of four years." Kreuger "reared an industrial mastodon with 225 subsidiaries in every civilized country except Russia, turning out 75 per cent of all the matches made. Every third person of the 1,800,000,000 individuals who inhabit this globe of ours uses matches made by the trust he dominated"; he loaned $400,000,000 in Europe within seven years. What were these men like, and what was the world like that made them possible? You come closer to answers to these questions in Mr. Marcosson's book than in any other memoir of the period that this reviewer knows.

"Superindividualism, as expressed in both Stinnes and Kreuger, cannot stand up against the complexities of modern business. The day of the Titan is ended," the author concludes. The reference, however, is only to the business Titan, in Dreiser's sense. The emergence and monstrous growth of political Titans is attested throughout the rest of the book. And any idea that modern dictatorship is a European phenomenon is dissipated by Mr. Marcosson's record of his interviews with Augusto B. Leguia, Carlos Ibañez, Gerardo Machado, and other Latin American dictators.

The reading public has become fairly familiar with the showier side of the newspaper correspondent's job through the epidemic of autobiographies of reporters in recent years. "Turbulent Years," however, does not follow the pattern. Working for a magazine rather than a newspaper, Mr. Marcosson's task was vastly different from Webb Miller's, Linton Wells's, or Negley Farson's. He was freed in large measure from the nervous pressure of "spot news," and could devote weeks and months to achieving a single outstanding interview. He could spread himself in lordly fashion in his reporting. All of which makes his book a valuable addition to the literature of journalism, over and above its greater value as living history.

In contrast with the pattern of such literature, too, Mr. Marcosson is reticent about his own life beyond the limits of its professional side. At one point he allows himself a beautiful tribute to his late wife. "Like everyone else," he writes, "Kreuger was enchanted with my wife. Her lustrous beauty was illumined by a vivid, gracious, magnetic personality and a brilliant mind." But in general he tells little of himself. It is only the indefatigable journalist, the man who has known intimately more significant leaders of this epoch than any other writer of our time, who emerges from the pages of "Turbulent Years."

The book is important without being solemn. It will be read both for its human interest and as a rich chunk of contemporary history.

Wounded Farmland

BEHOLD OUR LAND. By Russell Lord. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by PAUL B. SEARS

I HAVE just come north from Clingman's Dome in Tennessee, up through Kentucky to the Ohio River, and on to the shore of Lake Erie. South of the Ohio I saw a continuing wastage, going on today, which would make angels weep; north of that river, in a comparatively prosperous and still productive state, problems enough to tax its best administrative and scientific brains.

And all along that line of travel, by common consent of those who know the situation, the toughest job of all is to make a complacent people see that there is a problem. Santa Claus is dead, and no one will believe it.

Russell Lord, in his new book, uses his skill as a seasoned journalist to get a vital story out to the people who ought to know about it, in such a form that they will read what he has to say. Behind this effort lies a long acquaintance

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with the problems of the American farmer, wide travel, and an amazing amount of reading, some of it in science, a great deal in history and in contemporary, even colloquial record. Thus, even if his material were stale, which I contend it is not, he brings to it his own point of view, distinct from that of Chase, Van Hise, Coyle, Mumford, or any of the rest who have been thrashing our backs.

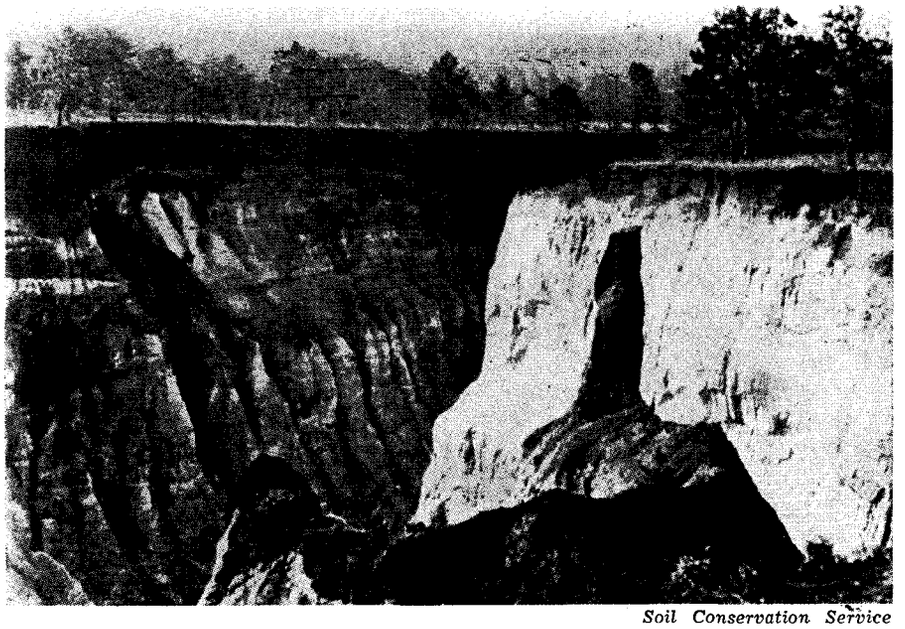
The plan of the book is built on a perspective of space, time, and cultural processes. The thirteen chapters consist of from four to fourteen editorials each, not too tightly woven, readable wherever you happen to pick them up. The theme is the essential unity of man and nature on this continent.

> Wounded farmland cannot be partitioned off and considered by various specialists with special cures as a problem exclusively agricultural. Gutted farms, gutted mines, stunted growth where great forests flourished or seas of grass were spread, offer a general and terrible exhibit of lowered national vitality. . . . How can a people work themselves into such a squirm of patriotism when some misguided schoolchild refuses to salute the flag, this land's symbol, yet countenance and join in a continual defacement and destruction of the body of the land itself?

In its course the book moves across America with the white race. Like the good newsman he is, Russell Lord lets his people speak for themselves, from George Washington on down. If he muzzles anyone, it is the scientist, whom he rightly enough censures for teaching away in little compartments while the whole structure has been coming to pieces. But it would be unjust to a really fine book to dwell on the microscopic flaws which counsel from scientific sources might have avoided.

The pictures, by the way, are top-notch.

Paul B. Sears is the author of "Deserts on the March."



Soil Conservation Service

One arm of Providence Cave, Stewart County, Ga. From "Behold Our Land."

Marlborough's Last Years

MARLBOROUGH. His Life and Times. Vol. VI: 1708-1722. *By the Right Honourable Winston S. Churchill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1938. $2.75.

Reviewed by ARTHUR LYON CROSS

READERS who have been enchanted by Mr. Churchill's vivid and majestic epic will regret to have it brought to a close with this sixth volume. It deals with a titanic figure playing a dominant part in notable events. It overlaps, to a considerable degree, the "Age of Anne" by Professor George Macaulay Trevelyan, another historian of foremost rank and also a master of English style. Mr. Trevelyan's more restrained interpretation of the period has been appraised elsewhere, and it is sufficient to point out what a rare opportunity those specially interested in the men and the period have for comparing these two masterly accounts which have appeared within the same decade.

As we might expect from his preceding volumes, Mr. Churchill has sought widely and thoroughly for manuscript and printed materials on which to base his conclusions. Although he is qualified to speak with authority on naval and military matters, he has again taken the precaution to consult technical experts, to whom he pays an adequate tribute. The course of the campaigns, battles, and sieges are rendered crystal-clear by the aid of numerous maps and plans.

The military interest of the volume centers and culminates in the battle of Malplaquet, 11 September, 1709, "the bloodiest and best contested for a hundred years," in which, although Marlborough "snatched victory from the jaws of defeat," he failed to destroy the enemy. While he had two more years, he was being continuously undermined, and his vigor and achievements steadily declined. His active military career ended with the forcing of the *ne plus ultra* lines in 1711 and the capture of Bouchain. Then he was superseded by Ormonde, who was forced, in 1712, by the notorious "restraining orders" to desert his allies. Prince Eugene, driven to taking desperate chances with his diminished forces, was obliged to yield one stronghold after another until he had lost in three months the gains of the three preceding years. It was a dismal termination of what he and Marlborough had accomplished by their combined genius.

Meantime, the strategic center had shifted to party politics in England. In his treatment of this lamentable series of maneuvers, Mr. Churchill shows the influence of his years of active participation in public affairs. While painstaking in pursuit of his evidence and particular in presenting it, he scorns impartiality when, in his opinion, a policy or a person deserves condemnation. He pays generous tribute to the dignity with which Harley, new Earl of Oxford, faced his downfall; but pours the vials of his wrath on St. John—or Viscount Bolingbroke—for his treacherous desertion of the allies and his black ingratitude toward his benefactor Marlborough. It is interesting to contrast the author's verdict with that of Professor Trevelyan, who, not oblivious of those faults and vices that justly brought Bolingbroke obscurity and misery, can conclude: "But he stands in history as the man who, by courses however devious and questionable, negotiated a Peace which proved in the working more satisfactory than any other that has ended a European conflict in modern times."

It would be interesting, did space allow, to comment on the lifelike portraits of the men who guided the complicated and sinister politics of the day. Suffice it to say that those who supported Marlborough are painted—and perhaps justly—in pleasanter colors than those who worked against him; even Macaulay's paragon, Somers, comes in for deserved castigation. Not infrequently the narrative is brighened by touches of humor and deft bits of sarcasm which throw into relief other passages of lofty eloquence. The illustrations, mostly reproductions of paintings, are a welcome addition, and the volume is a fine piece of book-making. Altogether, whether or no one agrees with all its findings, it is a scholarly as well as a brilliant achievement.

Arthur Lyon Cross, professor of history at the University of Michigan, is the author of "A History of England and Greater Britain."

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

GEORGE STEVENS..... Editor
NOBLE A. CATHCART..... Publisher
AMY LOVEMAN..... Associate Editor
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } Contributing Editors

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Origin of a Species

IT'S quite an important little book,* the novel offered us under a title derived from the first half of Banville's charming line

We'll to the woods no more, the laurels have been cut.

(The second half of the line supplied the French title.) A delicious and lightly handled bit of fiction, "Les Lauriers Sont Coupés" indeed has played a notable role in the recent evolutions of the form of the novel. At the time of its publication in 1887, Dujardin's delicate tale of Paris in the luxurious eighties and the fatal hesitancies of love in a sensitive young man interested only a few people, mostly authors, and remained without apparent consequences. But round the century's turn, the little-read story by George Moore's Parisian friend happened to fall into the hands of James Joyce and helped impel the young Irishman towards the evolution of the new genre of fiction illustrated by "Ulysses." This is, of course, our old familiar, the novel of the stream of consciousness, the novel so called for the reason that it installs the reader immediately in the unspoken thoughts of the principal personage of the history and with the representation of their flow conveys his deeds, adventures, and experiences. For Dujardin's account of the crucial six hours of the unaggressive young man who shrank from possessing his inamorata all unconsciously because she demanded money of him, and who found his pleasure in loving his love itself and dreaming of its object, presented the young Joyce with an instance of the technique predestinately his own.

Indeed, it is the pioneer stream-of-consciousness novel. The unspoken monologue of "Les Lauriers Sont Coupés" possesses of course a remote ancestor in the soliloquies of the Elizabethan theater. It possesses a more direct one in interior monologues of Browning's, like "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister" and the cantos of the lawyers in "The Ring and the Book." Nonetheless it differs from these traditional monologues. In the words of Dujardin himself, it "expresses the most intimate thoughts, those which lie nearest the unconscious, without regard for logical organization and by means of direct sentences reduced to a syntactical minimum." The truth was, that Dujardin was a member of the symbolist band and shared his fellows' preoccupation with the interior world of the personality, and independently developed this new means of bodying it forth. Music also indubitably suggested his invention to him. An ardent Wagnerite like many of the symbolists, and the editor of *La Revue Wagnérien*, he surely perceived music-drama's peculiar ability to express the inner and subconscious reality with its fluidity. It is significant that in his little novel we find Dujardin striving to rival Wagner's methods by introducing a system of recurrent and varying motives expressing the consistency of his protagonist's attitudes and impulsions.

The new genre of fiction thus originated by him probably was on the docket of the dying nineteenth century. Only a few years after the publication of "Les Lauriers Sont Coupés" and doubtless in complete ignorance of it, Schnitzler in Vienna produced in "Leutnant Gustl" a complete little stream-of-consciousness novel. In his case one must suspect the incentive of psychoanalysis, which had directed the attention of the intellectuals to the inner reality, as one must suspect its incentive—apart from that of Dujardin—in the case of Joyce, who spent years in another of the psychoanalytic capitals, Zürich. Behind them all, nonetheless, one feels the *fin de siècle*. For the novel of the stream of consciousness is the genre of the lazy, since it permits novelists to avoid the difficult but highly rewarding business of representing the direct clash between contending characters. A means of presenting self-indulgent characters who never squarely meet their situations, it often appears to us the means of novelists who also do not. Hence we cannot feel the genre to be one of permanent appeal. Yet to deny our enormous debt to Dujardin's invention would be the height of absurdity. We owe not only "Ulysses" and Molly Bloom's prodigious inner monologue to it—a debt which Joyce for one has freely acknowledged. For "Ulysses" in its turn has influenced the later Dorothy Richardson and Virginia Woolf and the William Carlos Williams of "The Great American Novel" and a quantity of other European and American authors of fine fiction. Indeed at times it seems that the form of half the best recent novels points back to that of Dujardin's little story as its forerunner. Let the old Frenchman's vast progeny praise him!

PAUL ROSENFELD.

* *WE'LL TO THE WOODS NO MORE. Translated from the French of Edouard Dujardin by Stuart Gilbert. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions.* 1938. $2.

John Strachey

WE have nothing very original to contribute to the discussion about John Strachey. We do not even pretend to comprehend anything beyond the surface technicalities of the State Department's cancellation of his visa. We do not know whether any pressure groups were active in keeping him out of the United States this trip. We do not clearly understand the difference between being a communist and being a member of the Communist Party—that is to say, we are capable of following Mr. Strachey's explanation of the difference, but we are not convinced that it covers everything; it still seems to us more tenuous and more complex than, for instance, the difference between being a democrat and being a Democrat.

However, we stand on the following propositions. (1) We disagree with many of Mr. Strachey's ideas, but defend his right to express them. (2) If Mr. Strachey's ideas are bad ideas, the less publicity they get, the better; and they are certainly getting a lot of free publicity from the U. S. Government. (As far as his books are concerned, we understand that their sales have picked up somewhat, but not spectacularly, as a result of the current contretemps.) (3) If a lecture tour by a fashionable radical endangers our democratic institutions, that speaks very badly for our sense of security.

Write I Will

BY NANITA MACDONELL BALCOM

AYE, Silver Street is where I lodge,
Above Montjoy's, the wigman's shop,
And there from dusk to early dawn
The gutted tallow-candle drop
Sputters, crawling from its wick.
I pinch the flame to rapier quick
And mend my friendly wild-goose quill.
While other men endite their lust,
Write I must and write I will.

"Ho!" shouts Marlowe, half-drunk Kit,
"There's such a rout in Silver Street.
Come to the Mermaid, I'll stand treat.
In half an hour glass we'll be back."
But I refuse his butt of sack—
My drink is words, sweet words my meat.

When all the house is deathly still,
And kings and ladies, fools and wise
That steal upon me by surprise
To execute their wills in trust
(Since write I will, then write I must),
Tomb-bound spirits, melt away;
Then swallows twitter on the hill
And sleep assails my tired eyes—
I close my book to greet the day.
Let lovers tryst and brawlers joust,
Write I must and write I will.

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Letters to the Editor: *Ford Madox Ford on "The March of Literature"*

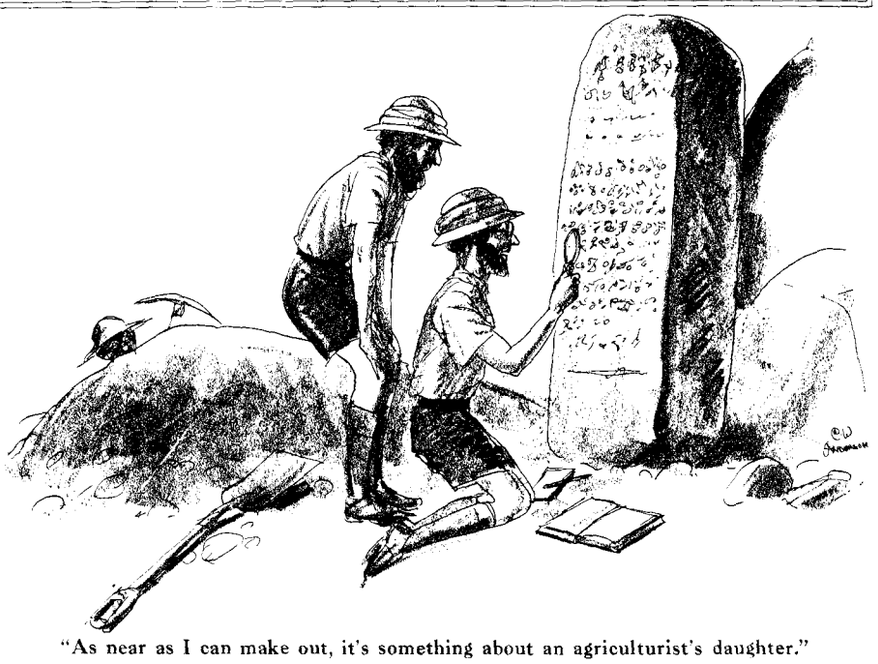
Says Mr. Ford to Mr. Boyd

SIR:—You will perhaps permit me to diagnose as amiably as possible for the benefit of your readers the case of your David, Mr. Ernest Boyd, as against that Goliath, "The March of Literature." It is an eternal fight which in the case of this present writer has been going on now for nearly half a century and in the case of this writer's family has persisted for something like four hundred years. His earliest noteworthy ancestor was an apprentice of Gutenberg and, setting up for himself as a printer in Paris, he wrote and printed a pamphlet declaring that the University of Sorbonne did not know how to teach Latin and so was fined five hundred crowns in the year 1490. His great-great-grandfather was expelled from the University of Edinburgh for telling that University that it did not know how to teach medicine and his father was expelled from the University of Berlin for telling that University that it did not know how to teach Romance Literature, whilst his grandfather cut this writer out of his will, at any rate temporarily, because he proposed to go to the University of Oxford. Today this writer has written a long book to prove that none of the universities of the world know how to teach literature. Mr. Boyd naturally resents this.

The first review that this writer received appeared in the London *Athenæum*, a periodical, *mutatis mutandis*, almost exactly parallel in weight and literary position with the *SRL* of today. The writer's book was a novel all about love and such stuff, as the saying is, and the *Athenæum's* review was as follows:

"From the fact that this author employs the phrase *heroesia anglicana* on page 47, the worthlessness of this effort may be perceived. On page 92 the word mucilage is misspellt."

Observe how exactly your reviewer, the Erse paladin and protagonist of all the universities in the world, parallels with his review of this writer's last book that first of all academic sallies against the infant product of this pen. His review is some hundred and forty lines in length, of which sixty are given to finding fault with index and tables and to lamenting the author's quite wily omission of the table of contents so dear to reviewers whose overcrowded tables preclude the reading of books submitted to their censure. The *Athenæum's* reviewer being an Anglican resented, as it were regionally, any allusion to Anglican heresy. Mr. Boyd as a good Scotch Protestant Irishman resents the fact that this writer, coerced by considerations of space and proportion, did not devote much attention to the products of the Scotch Protestant Irishry of whom Mr. Yeats is the chief living ornament. Mr. Yeats is indeed a lovely poet but "The March of Literature" concerns itself with poets who had an effect on the march of literature rather than with those who were lovely in themselves, and Mr. Pound is there mentioned eight times to Mr. Yeats's one because firstly this writer made six quotations from Mr. Pound's translation from the Chinese and twice called attention to the very considerable influence that Mr. Pound, in conjunction with other American writers, exercised on literary mainstreams between 1892 or so and the present day.



"As near as I can make out, it's something about an agriculturist's daughter."

The actual influence on the course of literature of the Irishry of the early years of the century would appear to be exactly nil except that perhaps the actors and actresses of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, have had considerable influence on the school of naturalistic acting but that hardly comes within the scope of a work devoted to literary tendencies. Mr. Boyd also resents the fact that this writer considers that Americans from the days of the *Yellow Book* onwards—the days of Henry James and Harland and Crane—exercised a main influence on the literary stream ever since their day. So his Irish regional patriotism exceeds his transatlantic allegiance. That is a thing that this writer cannot help; only, he being neither Irish nor American, his judgment may be taken to be relatively unbiassed. The influence of Messrs. James, Harland, Crane, Pound, and T. S. Eliot on today's Anglo-Saxon literary stream seems to have been paramount. On the other hand, the critic of the local equivalent of the English *Thunderer* soundly berates this writer for not having accorded sufficient weight to the American literary product. He, however, unlike Mr. Boyd, unrepentently confesses that he has made no attempt to read the book in question. There is in fact no pleasing all the people all the time and no pleasing the academic critic with any type of creative esthetic work.

Mr. Boyd complains that "The March of Literature" is not a work of reference. It isn't. He concedes, however, "that as talk to students, some of the material might be useful if they were near a library with good references and bibliographical facilities." That is all that, modestly if in proportions elephantine, it set out to be.

I have the honour to be
Your obedient servant,
FORD MADOX FORD.

P.S. Mr. Boyd may be interested to be told that the devoted compiler of the admirable tables that complete the "March of Literature" was as duly stated in the book Miss Olive—*not*, as stated by him, Mr. Oliver—Carol Young. O *quis custodiet ipsos custodes*?

"Seeds of Destruction"

SIR:—The review of my book, "Seeds of Destruction," appearing in your periodical, September 10, 1938, by W. O. Scroggs has come to my attention.

Permit me to express my appreciation for the commendatory remarks of Mr. Scroggs; but permit me also to make a few observations concerning his adverse criticisms.

One of Mr. Scroggs's chief objections to the book seems, in his own words, to be that, "At the outset the author lays down four axioms which he says that capitalism must observe if it is to continue to function. . . . Since these are laid down as axioms, the author is spared the task of establishing their validity." This is indeed a sweeping indictment, and if true, would destroy much of whatever value the book may have. Did I simply "lay down" these axioms in the manner of an Olympian deity, or did I first attempt to establish their validity and then endeavor to discover whether capitalism has violated them?

It is utterly beyond the realm of my comprehension to understand how Mr. Scroggs could have made this accusation, assuming that he read the book at all carefully. It is true that the first

(*Continued on page* 22)

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Revolutions Are Alike

THE ANATOMY OF REVOLUTION. By Crane Brinton. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT C. BROOKS

THIS book is delightful. Applied to a study of such dismal subjects as anatomy and revolution the adjective may seem inappropriate; but Mr. Brinton's style is so lucid, his mastery of the subject so complete, his detachment from all partisanship so marked, his knowledge of and toleration for human nature so thorough, his occasional resorts to dry and somewhat academic humor so amusing, that delightful is clearly the right word. Mr. Brinton has done a thorough job in "The Anatomy of Revolution," reaching conclusions of value to historians, political scientists, and all who are interested in public affairs.

The author's purpose is to establish in a purely scientific way "certain first approximations of uniformities to be noted in the course of four successful revolutions in modern states; the English revolution of the 1640s, the American revolution, the great French revolution, and the recent—or present—revolution in Russia." Considering that one of these took place in the seventeenth, two in the eighteenth, and the fourth in the present century; considering further that the first three were "bourgeois" while the last was a "proletarian" revolution, it must be admitted that the number of uniformities pointed out is astonishingly large. Mr. Brinton does not, however, force his comparisons. The American revolution is shown to have diverged repeatedly from the general pattern: compared to the others it was moderate—a conclusion which should commend the book even to the D. A. R. Also throughout his study, and particularly in the final chapter, Mr. Brinton notes with complete candor the divergences as well as the uniformities displayed by his four revolutions.

Limitation of space prohibits the listing even of the most striking of the conclusions reached in "The Anatomy of Revolution." One which will rouse great interest, however, is Mr. Brinton's proof of the ability and respectability of most of the leaders in the four great upheavals which he examines. He deserves particular credit for avoiding all sensationalism —a feat of no small difficulty, considering the nature of his theme. Thus in the admirable chapter on "Reigns of Terror and Virtue" there is, to the reader's relief, a great deal more of virtue—some of it highly amusing—than there is of terror. Mr. Brinton also makes effective use of a conceptual scheme which enables him to compare the various stages of revolution in a body politic—symptoms, outbreak, rule of moderates, accession of extremists, terror, Thermidor—with corresponding stages of fever in the human body. In the end, however, he concedes that it is as yet impossible to diagnose a contemporary society and predict that revolution will or will not occur shortly.

Mr. Brinton has given us so much in "The Anatomy of Revolution" that we can only regret he has not given us everything. Of course it would be the work of a lifetime for any one man to deal with all revolutions in history as thoroughly as he has dealt with the four discussed in this volume. As the reader lays it down, he must at least hope that the author will turn his attention next to the Fascist and Nazi seizures of power. Of recent date, the result of authoritarian as opposed to democratic trends, and one of them—the German upheaval—being the only revolution that has occurred in a highly industrialized country, it may be conjectured that their anatomy will reveal fewer uniformities and more divergences than the four which Mr. Brinton has dissected so thoroughly.

Robert C. Brooks is the author of "Deliver Us from Dictators." He is a member of the political science department of Swarthmore College.

La Guardia—Past and Future

THIS MAN LA GUARDIA. By Lowell M. Limpus and Burr W. Leyson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE BRITT

ASSUMING that the present Mayor of New York is headed for even brighter fireworks and a louder Boom-Boom in the future, as this reviewer confidently does, here is a book which seems assured of long life and respectful attention.

Future researchers may or may not see Mayor La Guardia in the same light as these authors do. For my part, I think he is more fun to watch and charged with a higher voltage of fascinating contradiction than would be the impression left by this admiring treatment. But in any event, here is a competent job and a convenience of great value to writers, politicians, and students who may approach it somewhat in the professional spirit, not to speak of the interested general reader.

La Guardia after the 1930 election

Here are the facts as never made available before. At least one of the authors, Mr. Limpus, belongs in the Mayor's select inner circle of intimates and can draw from a settled first-hand impression. They have had exclusive access to the Mayor's private files and correspondence, and give their subject credit for refusing to attempt any censorship. The numerous quotations from letters decidedly amplify and deepen the picture of the man to be gained from his speeches. And there is an honest inclusion of letters of pettiness and petulance along with the fine ones.

The Presidency itself, these authors believe, is not beyond the possible destiny of this man La Guardia. Other visioned possibilities are the Governorship, the Cabinet, Congress again, the Vice-Presidency as "a real chance," the Senate as "the career which La Guardia most earnestly desired," and another term as Mayor as "possibly the easiest road of all."

"This Man La Guardia" is the fullest and best story of La Guardia the rising careerist, the war aviator, the President of the Board of Aldermen, the crusader and Congressman. La Guardia the Mayor still must wait for an adequate chronicler. But the development to national eminence is here. That is to say, this is a volume of 420 pages and La Guardia comes into City Hall only on page 376. After that occurs the full story of renomination and reelection, one of the freshest passages in the book; but the incontrovertibly Herculean labors of city administration during the past five years, the climax and culmination of the man's life so far, receive merely truncated exposition.

Here are the ups and downs of a bold, brave, and extremely flamboyant career. Here is the fighter against prohibition who developed into a dominating influence on most of the crucial acts of Congress in his last session of 1931-33. Here are the incidents of an insurgent career of the most inspiring success. It is not a critical appraisal, and disclaims the intention of being. But it is a record and a story which I believe the whole country will have to notice.

George Britt is on the editorial staff of the New York World-Telegram.

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"As he reconstructs the pattern of his life, it is not with epoch-making events that his memory plays, but rather with his own personal experiences" . . . (From the jacket of "Doctor Bradley Remembers.")

What a Doctor Knows

DOCTOR BRADLEY REMEMBERS. By Francis Brett Young. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1938. $2.75.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

IN the character of Dr. Bradley Mr. Young has made a real contribution to the medical profession as well as to contemporary fiction. James Bradley belongs to the late nineteenth century school of doctors, men who, without the knowledge or equipment so soon to be provided by chemistry, physics, and psychology, trained their hands, eyes, and understanding to an extraordinary efficiency. Practising for years in a narrowly limited community, they learned to know all the strains of family weakness and strength. Despite the fact that the world of bio-chemistry, X-ray, and Freud was still unknown to them, many made brilliant diagnoses daily, still more were towers of strength to sick and well alike, and all were repositories of innumerable family secrets.

When we first meet Dr. Bradley, he is over seventy years old and on the verge of retirement from active practice. In his musty "surgery" he is for the last time going through the routine of "evening hours." When he has closed the door on his last case, he returns to his comfortless living-room where he is soon joined by Dr. Harwood, who will take everything over on the morrow. In this brief interview between the old humanist and the efficient young scientist, a quiet but dramatic scene, the mores of both generations appear in vivid contrast. Then the young man departs, and Dr. Bradley is left alone before his fire and slips into dreamy musings on his long and busy life.

As he reconstructs the pattern of his life, it is not with epoch-making events that his memory plays, but rather with his own personal experiences. Gradually the pieces fall into place; the violent horsey father, the mother he loved too much, yet not enough; the exuberance of his passionate youth; the early struggle at the medical school; the ecstasies of his first love, his wife, her death, and the tragedy of his son; his little triumphs, and his disappointments. He has achieved no honors, no wealth, and to the reader his moments of joy seem sadly few. Yet Dr. Bradley sees, and makes us see, his life as a virile one charged with human interests and action, often exciting, always busy. Now, having earned his wisdom, he quietly savors its reward, a serene tolerance in which regrets and bitterness have no place.

In this thoughtful and tender novel, Mr. Young's skill at characterization is seen at its best. All his people live and breathe in settings whose authenticity is never in doubt. He should be congratulated too, that he has been able to avoid the sentimentality that so often threatens when the subject is ripe old age. Keyed to a low pitch, the episodes are interestingly and logically developed, and the quiet style of their telling evokes an effect that is cumulatively moving. That, perhaps, is why Dr. Bradley's aura lingers so long after he has disappeared into the darkness of Crabb's Lane, and out of the book.

The New Wodehouse

THE CODE OF THE WOOSTERS. By P. G. Wodehouse. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

ALL that needs to be said is that Mr. Wodehouse has written another full-length novel about Bertie Wooster and Jeeves; that the story involves a plot to steal a silver cow-creamer (Mr. Wodehouse has something there) from Sir Watkyn Bassett; and that it is extremely unlikely that a funnier book will be published until Mr. Wodehouse's next one.

Not Magic, after All

THE KING WAS IN HIS COUNTING HOUSE. By Branch Cabell. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS novel by Mr. Branch Cabell inevitably recalls the gilt nineteen-twenties, and the figure of James Branch Cabell, who aspired to be the Voltaire of that rococo era, and who was indeed its Cagliostro. At the first recollection, one wonders how his influence can have been so great; and yet it is after all explicable enough. That was the time when the New Freedom was making its way; and James Branch Cabell made the most deadly of the assaults upon Puritan morality, by denying to sexual indulgence the importance of sin, and reducing it to the level of, at worst, a kind of schoolboy smuttiness. That was also the New Era in economics, when we were all going to be rich; and James Branch Cabell, a self-assured aristocrat, provided the perfect justification for romantic dilettantism.

Mr. Branch Cabell has at last succumbed to the temptation to write a novel. It is laid, not in Poictesme, but in Melphé, which is in "the Italy of the Jacobean dramatists"—who are the only people likely to have spelt an Italian name in that fashion; but the figures are the familiar ones under new names (except for Messire de la Forêt, whom Mr. Branch Cabell boldly borrows, name and all, from his illustrious model). The scene is oftener the bed-chamber than the counting-house; the actors are concerned in reducing their adulteries to unimportance by pages of cynical conversations; it is all in very much the familiar Cabellian manner; and yet what a difference! The battle for sexual freedom is won, for one thing, and Mr. Branch Cabell perceives that there is no use in continuing to fight it; but the only use he can make of his victory is to be more outspoken. Events which James Branch Cabell would have expressed by phallic symbols Mr. Branch Cabell dwells on in detail; although he drapes them in voluminous folds of conscious urbanity, which has the curious effect of making them seem much nastier than necessary, as a man in a tail-coat and nothing else appears more indecent than a man naked.

The battle for sexual freedom has been won; but the forces of romantic dilettantism are at present in retreat, and Mr. Branch Cabell is not self-assured. He makes a pathetic attempt to disarm criticism by anticipating what the critics may say; and he calls his young hero back from Messire de la Forêt's enchanted forests to the task of governing Melphé. Cesario is persuaded that it is his duty to give up his poetic dreams and be ready for a career of treachery in his turn, in order that the citizens may enjoy in peace "their imperfectly washed wives"

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and that the band in the plaza may play for them "an inferior, trivial, catchpenny sort of music." Or, as it has otherwise been expressed, that the trains may run on time. That is the moral of this story. For the rest, it has all the old Cabell mannerisms, the erudite affectations, the elegant lubricities; but somehow the old flavor is gone. In attempting to imitate his Cagliostro, Mr. Branch Cabell has shown himself only the comic conjurer's assistant of vaudeville, who spoils the tricks and shows that they were not magic after all.

Erskine's Whitman

THE START OF THE ROAD. By John Erskine. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by HERBERT J. MULLER

THE hero of John Erskine's latest novel is Walt Whitman, and the story covers his life from about 1845 to 1865. During these years Whitman found himself as poet but meanwhile lived as discursively as he wrote. Mr. Erskine attempts to unify, motivate, and dramatize all his miscellaneous thought and activity with the theory that its main source was always his love for an octoroon whom he had met in New Orleans. She had expressed her love chiefly by criticizing his early poetic efforts, making him realize his true mission, and then silently stealing away. She had also given, however, less Platonic evidence of her devotion: while nursing the wounded soldiers during the Civil War, Whitman was constantly looking for one who might be his son.

Ordinary hit-and-run readers are likely to enjoy this sentimental interpretation of Whitman. But most students of him, I suspect, will not be grateful for it. It fails to jibe with certain facts of his career, both as man and as poet. Moreover, although Mr. Erskine is sympathetic to the point of flattery, he does not manage the final compliment of endowing his hero with robust, full-blooded life; the great man comes out pretty tame and anemic, and his passion is talked about rather than rendered.

To be more specific, the trouble is that Mr. Erskine is not a born novelist. He was better in his earlier, slighter novels, simply because their essence was more *jeu d'esprit* than fiction. Here his description, dialogue, and characterization are conscientious but seldom imaginatively convincing; he has observed, read, and thought about his subject but seldom seen, felt, and realized it as a natural artist would. And to generalize, finally, this criticism holds for most biographical novels. I do not have the scholar's devotion to plain, unvarnished fact, and I do not demand my fiction straight. Biographical fiction, however, is an unfortunate hybrid. It is usually as synthetic fiction as it is dubious biography.

Progress by Brute Force

SPELLA HO. By H. E. Bates. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1938. $2.50.

MR. BATES tells the story of Bruno Shadbolt's way with women and of his way with money,—a dual progress that began in a village of the English Midlands, in a fireless hovel, almost within shadow of the great fifty-chimneyed house of Spella Ho, and that ended in the great house itself. The chronicle runs from 1873 to 1931, from the day that Bruno's mother died in a state of abject poverty and intransigent honesty, when he was twenty, to the years when he was Spella Ho's rich and lonely master. It follows Bruno's rise step by step, and woman by woman, from his illiterate and brutish beginnings, through stages only slightly more literate and slightly less brutish, to his triumphant and meaningless ending.

Yvonne Gregory

H. E. Bates

Whether Mr. Bates intended to charge this ending with more significance than it seems to have, or whether he was merely intent upon expressing the final nullity of his hero's long career, is hard to say; but it is fairly plain, we think, that he has not managed to make of Bruno Shadbolt the figure that he meant to make. He conceived of him, apparently, as an incarnation of primitive force, working dumbly, almost blindly, but irresistibly towards a goal of which he himself was only half-aware, ignoring certain obstacles because he never guessed at their existence, and overcoming others by his inarticulate will and the directional thrust of his instinct. But what we have is a less interesting and less convincing figure. At least half the time we feel that Bruno is acting to satisfy an author's pattern, rather than from inner compulsion, and a good deal of the time we do not believe in Bruno at all. As for his worldly progress, it goes by fits and starts, and the motive power seems to be dumb luck at least as often as dumb force. We are told that he made money out of land and gas and motor busses and the hotel business and movies and iron, but we feel that these successes are due more to Mr. Bates's determination than to the urgencies of Bruno's character. So, too, with Shadbolt's power over women: we are assured that he had such power, but his creator does not quite convince us of its reality, and its nature eludes us. Superlative virility explains much, but not all.

Mr. Bates is an accomplished artist in the short story form, and it may be that his partial failure in the present instance —if we are right in believing that he has scored a partial failure—is due to the inadequacy of a short story technique when confronted by the demands of a novel which aims at depth and scope. In the short story, character may be drawn with a few deft strokes; there is seldom space in which to do more. But that treatment is not enough for a novel's characters with whom we are asked to live through many pages. After our first view of them, we desire to know them in the round. The characters of "Spella Ho," almost without exception, are never seen so.

Then, there is the matter of time. The short story writer usually fixes upon a significant moment in the life or lives of an individual or a group; more often than not, he is unconcerned with duration. But the novelist whose story moves through many years must, if he is to be successful, make his readers experience a feeling of time passing. This Mr. Bates has not done. We are told that Bruno grew older, the dates assure us that he must have, but we have little sense of the passage of time until the narrative has carried us from the year 1873 down to about 1912. In sum, the novel—particularly a novel of the range of "Spella Ho"—requires a more complicated organization and a more profound integration than the short story. Effective tableaux and incidents are not enough. Mr. Bates remains a master of picture and incident.

If anybody should be misled by our remarks into thinking that "Spella Ho" is not an entertaining book, we should be sorry. Mr. Bates is too expert in the management of words not to be entertaining, and the reader who follows Bruno Shadbolt's career will meet many rewards along the way. "Spella Ho" is lively, sometimes moving, fiction; but, because of a technique that is unequal to the larger requirements of the task undertaken, it is something less than the novel that it might have been, that its author undoubtedly intended it to be.

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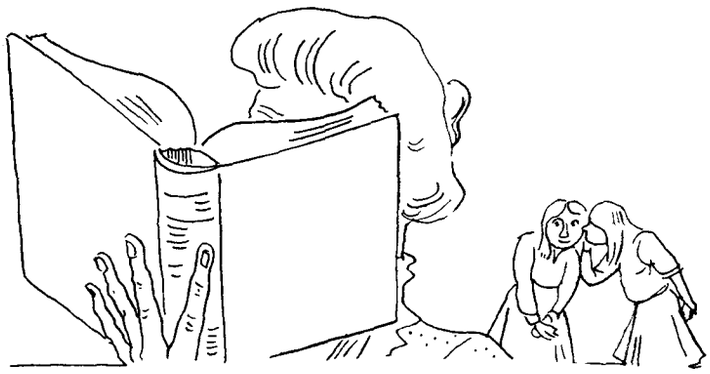
BOOK PREVIEW *

Grandma Reads Thoreau

BY BERTHA DAMON



"After I had had a several years' course of Grandma, it was thought, most of all by Grandma, that I had better be put into district school again" . . . (Drawing by Julian Brazelton, from "Grandma Called It Carnal.")

"POOR Mrs. Parker," Grandma would say, gently shaking her corn popper over the yellow flame, while we children sat by listening to the popping kernels with the receptive expressions of young birds who hear wings flutter, "poor Mrs. Parker has had an extremely hard married life."

"Has she, Grandma?" I would inquire with hopeful curiosity.

"Yes, she has. I don't want to prejudice you against Deacon Parker, who is a good enough man in other ways as men go; but the truth is, Bertha"—her voice hushed—"after he was married to Mrs. Parker he was always wanting,—wanting —Cooked Meals!"

"But, Grandma . . . "

"Yes, he was. At night he'd come home after poor Mrs. Parker had been busy all day and want a Cooked Meal, and then after she'd given him one, next morning the first thing he'd want—he'd want—another. She had a dreadfully hard time with him. So disillusioning to a woman to find out that's what a man thinks marriage is."

Cooked Meals—that phrase signified to Grandma Domestic Enemy Number One. She felt that the everlasting trouble connected with them was what was keeping her North Stonefield neighbors from the real ends of life; it was the cost of providing "Cooked Meals" that enslaved the men; the toil in preparing them that kept the women forever over the stove; the difficulty in digesting them that caused dyspepsia to fret almost every household. "Cooked Meals" in North Stonefield were indeed large, elaborate—three kinds of fancy cake and two kinds of pie at once were only a start—and repetitive, for there was little difference in size and kind between breakfast, dinner, and supper. There was little time for doing anything except to get up a Cooked Meal, clean up after it, and then get up another Cooked Meal.

"I have traveled a good deal in Concord," Grandma read in Thoreau, "and everywhere, in shops, in offices and in fields the inhabitants have appeared to me to be doing penance in a thousand remarkable ways. . . . The twelve labors of Hercules were trifling in comparison to those which my neighbors have undertaken; for they were only twelve and had an end."

Grandma likewise traveled a good deal in North Stonefield. There she saw the remarkable and incredible scenes that Thoreau had witnessed among his townsfolk. The men worked long and hard in the shops—from seven in the morning to six at night, with half an hour out for dinner; and the women worked even longer than their menfolks. The lives of almost all seemed to be a sort of tight slavery in which there was no leisure, no enjoyment, no vision. Almost all seemed to work and to get, to take care of and to hang onto, and finally to lie down in the cemetery, very tired, never having lived.

Yet all the time our village and the country round was full of dawns and sunsets and starry nights; of early springs, when in the dusk thawing hylas shrilled like sleighbells and the whippoorwill insisted; of springs when by every gracious old house lilacs blossomed, and apple trees down the rocky hillsides; of summers when in all the millponds water lilies floated under flashing dragonflies; of autumns "bright as the sun . . . terrible as an army with banners," loud with katydid bands. But almost no one stopped drudging to look.

And there were books to be read—all the thrilling books that had happened since God dictated the Old Testament until, let us say, the last poem by Browning; but almost nothing was read except *The Farmer's Almanac,* the cooking and crocheting and fashion magazines, and the doings of the villagers and their acquaintances in the *Stonefield Guardian.* There were thoughts to be wrestled with or enjoyed, but for thoughts almost everyone was too busy: men tramping the heavy treadmill of chores and of shop work; women working over "ribbons" and Cooked Meals.

But Grandma, inspired by Henry Thoreau to reduce to an irreducible minimum all household furnishings, to renounce conventional Cooked Meals and simplify to a Spartan simplicity such victuals as seemed indispensable to life, Grandma put herself and us—Alice used to say, "Thoreauly"—into the leisure class. We were never working all day long to conform to the standards of our neighbors.

After I had had a several years' course of Grandma, it was thought, most of all by Grandma, that probably I had better be put into district school again. I was then about twelve and so was considered mature enough to enter the South District School, which had two rooms, one for the primary, one for the advanced pupils. I was proudly in with the latter group.

Each morning school opened with song. Everyone took part sonorously. The song book was called *The Golden Robin;* we fluttered its pages and sang and sang. I can remember only two of the songs; even the titles of the others are completely obliterated. Both those I do recall seem an index of the temper of the North Stonefield mind. One was mournful. We loved it.

Under the willow she's laid with care,
(Sang a lone mother while weeping,)
Under the willow, with golden hair,
My little one's quietly sleeping.

The learning we were offered in the South District School was not very modern—rather medieval. There was literature; there were also languages—of a sort. There was history that gave the impression unqualifiedly that America's wars with England and Mexico had been from start to finish absolutely glorious, victorious, righteous—God being delighted that we were so good as to take His part—and that the Civil War was the same, with superior everything and all worth-while victories on the Northern side. There were also a few scattered mathematics, here and there.

In all such nonessentials as quoting from Whittier's "Snowbound" or hazarding a guess as to what happened in 1066,

* *This week* The Saturday Review *presents excerpts from "Grandma Called It Carnal," by Bertha Damon, the story of two girls brought up in a Connecticut town at the end of the last century. "Grandma Called It Carnal" will be published by Simon & Schuster in November.*

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Alice and I, little neophytes of Grandma Griswold, could hold up our heads with anybody. But recesses and noon-times, being opportunities for social display, we dreaded acutely. For the other girls, little and big, had foolish and very pretty dresses—"ribbons," as Grandma scornfully summed up such vanities—while to call our garments common-sense is an understatement. Worse yet, the others all had fancy lunch baskets in which, among fringed napkins, nestled pie and layer cake, not one but several kinds of each—"fleshpots of Egypt," Grandma would say. We miserable health apostles had to expose our covered pail of milk, our bag of graham bread, our frosty apple. We tried not to expose; we ate covertly, pail under our desk. But they all saw.

It did not help me then that with Grandma I had read most of Shakespeare's plays and knew *Aquilezia Canadensis* at sight. It has not helped me to have since perhaps outdistanced many North Stonefielders in sartorial, gastronomic, or social experiences — nothing subsequent could ever heal the deep excruciating wounds I suffered in those childish humiliations in the old South District School.

School closed at four in the afternoon. Then my sister and I walked home to be with Grandma. Being with Grandma, though we did not know it, constituted our real schooling. Every night in the pleasant sitting room, where the wicked, in the form of big boys, ceased from troubling, and the weary, in the form of two little girls who had walked so far and lived so variously, could be at rest, Grandma required us to tell her what we had learned in school that day. Sometimes it was hard to make a showing. Later the candles were lighted, and the serious reading aloud began. Grandma's standards in reading were severe; she would not allow even moral content to excuse poor literary style. We had to bootleg such soft delights for children as the Rollo books, the Elsie books, and "The Wide, Wide World." Our normal diet was Isaiah, "Hamlet," Ruskin, Thoreau, and the like, not forgetting wide browsings in the dictionary (we used Webster's because he was Connecticut; Worcester's was foreign —Massachusetts); and I am persuaded that such a diet, even though at times forced, will make impossible in later life a taste for inferior style whether in movie captions or in sermons. Best of all, late afternoons, Saturdays, and Sundays, and vacation times there were long walks with Grandma and her botany. "What is a course of history," says Thoreau, "or philosophy or poetry, no matter how well selected, or the best society, or the most admirable routine of life, compared with the discipline of looking always at what is to be seen?" In that discipline Grandma schooled us.

And always there were the long talks we had with Grandma that often ended in lively argument. Grandma loved to argue—to reason, she called her part of it. If you could hang on to the end in an argument with Grandma, you were argumentatively toughened for life. Her faculty for getting the last word amounted to genius.

One day Alice raised her hand to kill a spider that sat in a great foggy tunnel-shaped web over one of the sitting-room windows.

"No, no, Alice," said Grandma, "one should never on any account kill a spider. That is the Rule."

"I should just like to know why not," said Alice. "They might bite."

"The power to bite," said Grandma, as if He had personally informed her, "is just a part of the Creator's plan for them to kill flies."

"But spiders are so darned untidy," Alice urged, profanely.

"Also," said Grandma, entirely passing over this objectionable trait, "also, spiders are very intelligent creatures. I like to watch their bright ways."

"Huh," said Alice, "bedbugs are pretty intelligent, and no one wants to keep them to watch their bright ways."

For a second Alice thought she had Grandma floored.

"Not so intelligent," said Grandma conclusively, as if to say that were bedbugs a shade more on the intellectual side we should all cherish them in flocks and never need to study at the Sorbonne. From such one-sided encounters we used to go, endlessly pondering the question, hoping to find some better logic, some new authority for defeating Grandma.

Such questings sometimes led to embarrassment; I well remember one such occasion. Although it was several years later, and Alice and I had managed to achieve the impossible and be in a girl's boarding school, we each were still hoping to down Grandma just once. Each year a lady doctor was required to come and give a talk to all the assembled school on the Facts of Life, afterwards opening a question box and answering questions veiled in anonymity. On this day the janitor was always asked not to be in the building, not even in the basement. This lady doctor was said to be marvelously wise, very kind, very tolerant, and would tell a girl anything she had secretly been burning to know, but feared to ask elsewhere. My first year at that school, when I heard of this, I remembered my last argument about a certain matter, a question still pending, with Grandma, so I wrote out the question that had long been keeping me from sleep, printing it so that my handwriting might not give me away, and went early to hide it in the box unobserved; then waited with palpitating heart.

It turned out to be a most distressing lecture. Our sweet lady principal, who was obliged to sit on the platform in full view of everybody, hung her head. Most of the students hung theirs. One girl fainted and fell off a bench with a great startling bang, and was helped out. And then the questions, read slowly and answered in well-considered words! Who ever would have thought that girls would want to know such things?

Finally, amidst this universal tension, this jittery suspense, my long-awaited question was reached. I held my breath; perhaps I should defeat Grandma yet. You could have heard a pin drop. My question was read out loud and clear: "Is there any real nutritive value in hominy?" For the first time the girls seemed able to raise their eyes, and they did. The lady doctor looked upset, somehow. She said she did not know.

American Civilization

(*Continued from page* 4)

may not be able to find Dr. Beard's open doors at home, but we are trying. The social, economic, and cultural effects of this development are already great and are fast becoming greater.

Some observers would of course interchange the terms "victory" and "defeat" for these two great developments. Mr. Ford, Mr. Tom Girdler, and Mr. Hoover would say that the true American spirit has suffered a terrible defeat in the extension of government into new economic, social, and humanitarian spheres. They would assert that the old spirit of individualistic self-reliance should have gone marching on into the twenty-first century. Mr. Borah and other isolationists would hail the about-face toward an intense nationalism as a notable victory for the real interests and soul of America. But as to the *fact* of these two great changes there can be no question. The one represents a striking, and until Mr. Hoover took office, a most unexpected rebirth of the oldtime Progressive tendencies, tinged by new socialistic ideas; the other a striking and almost equally unexpected check to some of the most powerful currents of pre-Harding days—currents that seemed breaking down tariffs, fostering international ideas and cultural exchanges, and bearing the United States into the center of world affairs. So far as can now be judged, our people are committed indefinitely to a strongly socialized government, and to a staunch and self-conscious nationalism, political, economic, and even intellectual. In the perspective of the future these will probably seem two of the chief molding forces of our time.

They are not explicitly treated in Mr. Stearns's book, but inevitably they find many reflections in the thirty-six facets of his lens. The turn toward a strongly socialized civilization is at least tacitly recognized in half the chapters. E. D. Kennedy's "Industry" is largely an appeal to his readers against letting big-business leaders push us back to the old days. "They call upon economic principles which they themselves have made no longer applicable. They appeal to an industrial way of life which began to weaken in 1890 and which was almost entirely destroyed by 1929." The same position, though with less kindliness toward

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specific New Deal measures, is taken by John T. Flynn in his article on Business. Logan Clendening sees in the near future the creation of "a public, state-controlled medical organization open to all," alongside which private medicine will function much as the private school exists alongside the public school. H. Paul Douglass, writing upon Protestantism, describes a steady shift from the old frame of reference which assumed an aggressive capitalism and a rugged individualism. The Protestant view is changing; "positions still branded as economic radicalism have been widely advocated in the leading denominations for several decades and have had conspicuous place in official social pronouncements." The chapters on the various arts all include a similar recognition of the socializing forces at work. Sheldon Cheney, pointing out that the Federal Government in 1936 had more than five thousand artists on its payroll, adds that under this patronage our mural art for the first time "really came to flower"; he asserts that government support has "in countless ways served to revivify art interest, art education, and art showing."

In the same way, many of these thirty-six facets reflect the intense accentuation of the spirit of American nationalism. It would be hard to find a comprehensive book on American culture which makes so few references to British or Continental influences, which pays so little attention to what is happening or has recently happened overseas. Some writers, like Gerald Wendt in his article on Science, boldly assert an American leadership over all other nations. Others, like Mauritz A. Hallgren in his discussion of War, call for a recognition of isolation as our only hope of spiritual or material safety. The book as a whole supports the ideal of what may be called an introverted rather than extroverted culture. It is evident that since the Great War, and still more since the rise of the dictatorships, the idea of the self-sufficiency of American civilization has gained ground until it is generally accepted.

Upon one *continuing* tendency in American civilization this book throws much light, and very encouraging light at that. Just as it is crammed with evidence of the variety and energy of the American effort, so it holds proof in almost every chapter of an undaunted American optimism. This optimism is at bottom the sense of promise in American life which has been noted by almost every foreign writer, which gave title to Herbert Croly's book, and which shines in Franklin D. Roosevelt's latest utterances. Not so long ago half of our thirty-six writers would have struck a pose of disillusioned pessimism. That attitude is completely lacking here. It is true that some chapters are sharp to the point of acerbity. Louis R. Reid grills the radio to a crisp brown—though a few pages further on Deems Taylor pays it a glowing word of thanks for its contribution to the popular knowledge of musical classics. Louise Bogan thinks that American poetry at the moment has dropped to a low ebb of spiritual strength, the vitalizing influence of Pound and T. S. Eliot having run out. John Chamberlain is equally harsh in his treatment of the recent novel. Business is presented by John T. Flynn as a lion eternally in the path, even now resharpening its claws for Uncle Sam. Its aim is to seize upon sovereignty; to see that our economic system is controlled not by all the people acting through democratic government, but by the entrepreneurs acting through some system of "self-rule." Jacques Barzun dexterously and wittily exposes our racial prejudices. Some very biting remarks may be found upon the faults of the movies, organized sports, and the popular magazines.

But that is not the prevailing temper of the volume. We get nothing of the old H. L. Mencken cynicism, the old atrabilious note, in the conclusion of Deems Taylor on music: "For the first time in history our entire people has been given access to music, regardless of financial or geographical conditions. Its response has been hearteningly cordial. . . . The growing intensity of that interest is unmistakable." Or in Gerald Wendt on the sciences: "We are, I believe, at the threshold of the age of science. . . . Opportunities for research have multiplied. . . . The flood of inventions grows year by year, and it is almost certain that the next decade will show more startling changes than the past." Or in Zechariah Chafee, Jr., on the law: "It is not unreasonable to expect that after our economic worries have lessened there will be many notable law reforms because of all the thinking that has gone on since the war. We know better where we are going and we are on the way." Or in John Cowles on newspapers: "On the whole, our papers are pretty honest and getting better each year. They are feeling an increasing sense of obligation to the public." Or in John Kieran on sports: "We have better athletes, better games, and better playing fields today, and more of them in every direction." Or in Logan Clendening on medicine: "Medicine in the United States is, at best, in the hands of men of real culture—with enlightened, advanced, humanitarian minds." Similar expressions of confident cheer might be quoted from V. F. Calverton on the Negro, and even from Joseph Wood Krutch on the commercial theater. It is all a striking reversal of the pessimism of Mr. Stearns's book of 1922. Some readers will almost accuse the volume of smugness!

The historic concomitant of American optimism and of our oldtime prosperity has been our tolerance. Was it not Santayana who said that if he met a man of unknown nationality and found him intolerant, he would at least know that he was not an American? As Mr. Stearns notes in his brief introduction, tolerance is a pervading quality of this book. Louis Stark discusses the new labor movement with tolerance for all groups and views; George Soule lifts radicalism to a high philosophical plane; Evelyn Scott discusses "Communist Mentalities" with charitable calmness. In only one contribution, and there obviously by design of the contributor, is tolerance wanting. Father Francis Talbot in his paper on Catholicism thinks it proper to call Protestant steeples "gew-gaws," to assert that the Presidency has been withheld from Catholics by "undemocratic bigotry," to repeat that Catholicism "is the single religion founded by Jesus Christ," to declare that non-Catholics regard sex as merely "something more serious than a sneeze," to pronounce the limitation of families "decivilizing," and to fling at the old time cinema the pleasant epithet "undoubtedly syphilitic." The good father evidently wishes to be irritating, and is only rather absurd. But the volume as a whole is a model of how discussion should be conducted. The papers on the arts—for example, Sheldon Cheney on painting and sculpture, and Douglas Haskell on architecture—are free from any unfair or rasping dogmatism.

We have said that the book is journalism, but some of it is very good journalism indeed. The thirty-five pages on recent interpretations of the law by Zechariah Chafee, Jr., alone come near being worth the price of the volume. Several essays, like R. L. Duffus's charmingly reminiscential paper on the small town, have high literary quality. At the close H. Valle furnishes a stimulatingly frank Mexican view of our culture, which impresses him as plutocratic, restless, shallow, and inartistic; while Sir Willmott Lewis contributes a soothingly tactful tribute to our achievements and virtues. The good features of the work more than offset the weak, perverse, and dull contributions. And if the book as a whole is not profound, not very perceptive, and not at all unified, a reading of it nevertheless proves exhilarating as well as informative. In these 600 pages pulse the unquenchable vitality of the country, its still youthful eagerness and zest, and its unconquerable faith in its own future; the chapters exhale its broad charity and its idealism.

It is well that this is so; it is well that American civilization retains these qualities. The gloom that has settled over Europe and Asia, with their once proud and powerful cultures, may be only transient; but countless despairing intellectuals, from the Ebro to the Caucasus, from Rome to Peking, look now to the United States as the hope of the future. Whitman's lines have today a sadder eloquence than he could ever have anticipated when he wrote them:

> Have the older races halted?
> Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied, over there beyond the seas?
> We take up the task eternal, and the burden, and the lesson,
> Pioneers! O pioneers!

Allan Nevins, professor of history at Columbia, has twice won the Pulitzer Prize for biography.

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Henriette

of

ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO

BY RACHEL FIELD

This novel, as breath-taking a story as ever reached the world of fiction, is based on truth that is stranger than fiction. It combines the drama of one of the most notorious murder cases in France with a period of American history covering the New England and New York of 1850 to 1875. Henriette Deluzy-Desportes, a woman of rare gifts, fortitude and magnetism, lived as governess in the ill-fated household of the Duc and Duchesse de Praslin,

as breath-taking a story as ever

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and became unwittingly the pivot about which that famous crime revolved. In 1847 she faced a hostile police, pleading her own case before France's Chancellor in the murder trial that was the sensation of two continents and helped a French King from his throne.

It is, in fact, the story of Rachel Field's own great-aunt; for after winning her freedom, Henriette took refuge in America, where she married Henry M. Field, preacher, editor and writer, and the youngest of four famous brothers.

The first part of the novel tells of Henriette's years of conflict and suspense in the Praslin family circle, caught as she was in a web of scandal that gradually closed in about her; of her courageous handling of crisis after crisis; of her baffling relationship to the Duc; of the horror of that incredible murder, and the months of nightmare that followed. But the most charming part of the book tells of her life in America, the way in which this fascinating unconventional woman adjusted herself to a new world—first in a New England village, where she caused endless commotion; later in Gramercy Park, where she caused endless delight.

Through her eyes we see the social and intellectual life of that time. We meet Rachel, the French tragedienne, on her last theatrical venture; we learn of Civil War years in the North; of summers in the Berkshire Hills; of friendships with Fanny Kemble, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Peter Cooper and other important figures. We share the love story of this exotic Frenchwoman and her New England husband who used their different worlds and temperaments as a background for their successful marriage.

Miss Field, drawing upon history, family records and recollections, and her own imagination, tells the whole of Henriette's remarkable life.

[$2.50]

by the author of "Time Out of Mind"

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY · 60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

reached the world of fiction!

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Two Views of History

A PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By A. L. Morton. New York: Random House. 1938. $3.

THE RISE OF EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION. By Charles Seignobos. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1938. $4.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH R. STRAYER

THESE two books offer an interesting contrast in the technique of historical writing. Both are written for lay readers. Both cover the period from the decline of the cave man to the rise of Hitler. Both emphasize social and economic developments rather than the details of political history, and give special attention to the life of the great masses of the population. Yet with all these points of resemblance the two books, published within a week of each other, might have appeared fifty years apart.

Mr. Morton writes from a frankly Marxist viewpoint while Professor Seignobos, less obtrusively, presents the liberal bourgeois point of view. Yet this is not the most striking difference between the two. Their concepts of the functions of a historian differ even more widely than their political and economic beliefs. Mr. Morton feels that it is his duty to furnish a plot for the story which he tells. Causal relationships must be shown and motives must be explained even if the resulting lack of space forces the omission of some of the facts. Professor Seignobos, while he has abandoned the nineteenth century belief that history is past politics, still clings to the nineteenth century creed of "scientific history." The facts are to be presented clearly and concisely, and the reader is to be left to draw his own conclusions.

Mr. Morton's method has the advantage of making his book very readable. Everything is explained; everything is easy to understand; there are no unsolved problems left dangling in the air. His special interest in the problems of the laboring class lead him to include a great deal of material not ordinarily presented in a work of this size. Everything, of course, is interpreted in terms of class interests and class struggles, and other influences, especially that of the Church, are minimized. Yet until the modern period is reached, there is no serious distortion of the facts. Mr. Morton is perfectly neutral in the struggles between the upper classes. He is able to see the merits and defects of each side: witness his excellent treatment of the English Civil War. But as soon as the class struggle becomes a struggle between the bourgeoisie and the proletariat, Mr. Morton's sympathies are involved and he is no longer capable of making completely rational judgments. The bourgeoisie are made not only as wicked as Satan, which is conceivable, but as clever as Satan, which is not. No credit is given them for good intentions; every reform is simply a mask which hides a more refined type of exploitation. Every credit is given them for the most amazing foresight in guarding their own interests; a quality which most observers have not found conspicuous in recent years. Thus the abolition of the slave trade was really a good stroke of business because it eventually opened up the interior of Africa for exploitation. Except for this exaggerated respect for bourgeois cleverness, Mr. Morton has written an interesting and often stimulating interpretation of English history.

The technique used by Professor Seignobos results in a book which gives more information and less excitement. It is, of course, doubtful if any historian can completely conceal his own opinions. Thus it is evident that Professor Seignobos detests Hitler's racial theories, has little sympathy for the Church, and, in common with most men of his generation, feels a great nostalgia for the pre-war period when Europe seemed to be creating a rational democratic society. Yet while the author's opinions appear from time to time, he has not allowed them to impose a pattern on the materials which he has assembled. The facts are left to speak for themselves. Unfortunately, if historical facts ever do speak for themselves, they can do it only when they have room to expand and to group themselves naturally. The book suffers from compression and from excessive subdivision. Facts lose their personality and become lifeless. Fascism is discussed without naming Hitler or Mussolini; the origins of the World War are dealt with in three sentences. European history is divided into seventeen periods, and each period is further divided into sections on politics, economics, society, religion, and the arts and sciences. Causal connections between political and economic events, between social and intellectual developments are not made clear. Most of the sections on politics are mere catalogues of events, described so briefly that they would mean little to a reader who was not already acquainted with them. The sections on social and economic life are far better and contain most of the flashes of interpretation which make the book worth reading. As a whole, however, the work requires more ability in historical synthesis than the average lay reader is apt to possess. Professor Seignobos, with his great learning and wide experience, is eminently qualified to aid us in trying to evaluate the past experiences of the European peoples. Many readers will feel that he might have given more help in this difficult task.

Joseph R. Strayer is associate professor of history at Princeton.

Factions in the C. I. O.

THE STORY OF THE C. I. O. By Benjamin Stolberg. New York: The Viking Press. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by PAUL H. DOUGLAS

THIS is the fourth book which has been published during the last year on the history of the C. I. O. Unlike the works by Brooks and Walsh and Levinson, which confined themselves primarily to the forces which created the C. I. O. and its dealings with employers and the A. F. of L., Mr. Stolberg centers his attention on the intra-union politics and factionalism within the new organizations. Mr. Stolberg believes that the most disruptive forces in the C. I. O. are the Stalinists, whom he accuses of controlling some of the smaller unions and of having weakened the United Automobile Workers. He charges the Stalinists with having stimulated the long series of unauthorized stoppages in 1937 in the General Motors and Chrysler plants which followed the signing of the agreement with these companies. The purpose of all this, Mr. Stolberg alleges, was to make the position of President Homer Martin untenable, so that the official communists might replace him with a pliant follower of the party line. The author is also very bitter against Harry Bridges, whom he accuses of playing the direct communist game in his organizing work on the West coast.

It is difficult to get at the truth of all these assertions. It is probably true that some communists have wormed themselves into the lower levels of the C. I. O. leadership because of the initial shorthandedness of Messrs. Lewis and Murray in not having enough trained organizers for the huge job which they undertook. It is also probably true that the Stalinists use rough tactics against their opponents. But it would seem a gross exaggeration to charge that the vast majority of the wildcat strikes were communist stimulated. On the contrary, such guerilla tactics are an almost inevitable aftermath of the long period of constant strife which existed before union recognition was won. The men in such a situation distrust the foremen and managers, and the latter do not like to yield any of their former powers. If a speedy adjustment of grievances is not provided—and it was not furnished in the automobile industry—it is but natural, though lamentable, that the rank and file in many instances should try to use their new-found weapon. Such, for example, was the experience of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in the early days which followed their winning the Chicago market.

Similarly, while I have no doubt that Homer Martin is a sincere and honest progressive, the fact that such level-headed leaders as Messrs. Murray and Hillman were recently compelled to override him is surely an indication that all the right cannot be on his side.

Many may feel that Mr. Stolberg is continuing a policy of attacking, under the guise of radicalism, other radicals and even progressives, for the delectation of conservatives. It is probable, however, that it is better to have such issues brought out into the open, since sunlight is a powerful disinfectant. But one's confidence in Mr. Stolberg's poise is weakened by the spirit of misanthropic sadism with which he ridicules such essentially decent men as John Brophy, Walter Reuther, Norman Thomas, and Heywood Broun.

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Homage to Toscanini

TOSCANINI AND GREAT MUSIC. By Lawrence Gilman. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by PAUL HENRY LANG

THE portrait of Toscanini occupying the major part of the jacket, the name of one of our most distinguished music critics on the bottom, with the rather formidable subtitle "Great Music" sandwiched in between, makes up the attractive cover of a book which is an illuminating document of our musical life. Upon reading it, one is undecided whether it was the celebrated maestro who inspired our eminent musical chronicler to give us a brace of his engaging and exceedingly well written stories, familiar to most of us from his program notes or from other sources, or whether the little stories called for an august sponsor to be presented to us afresh. "Great Music" is an impressive title which, however, proves to be somewhat misleading, for the discussion is limited to about two dozen works, a familiar assembly known as "Standard repertory."

What is the purpose of this curious book? A few selected masterpieces are discussed in the brilliant style of the *feuilletonist*, giving delightful flashes of his wide reading at appropriate places. At the end of each work, Toscanini appears as the *deus ex machina* and a few sentences inform us about his marvelous rendition of the work in question. "What he gives us is the completeness of the music's truth—no more, no less." Since Toscanini appears as a quasi postscript to the stories, we must revert to our second assumption, that it was "Great Music" which inspired Mr. Gilman's book. But here again we are confronted with suave and profound sentences, which seldom rise above the level of familiar anecdote, however skillfully phrased. That they do not get us nearer to "Great Music" is sadly evident in the few remarks which venture beyond the engaging narrative. "If any symphony could challenge the C minor of Brahms for second place after the monarch of them all, Beethoven's Ninth, it would surely be this (C major) symphony of Schubert." This is an example of the old yardstick esthetics, discredited and discarded by all sister arts and letters, but still flourishing in literature about music.

"Toscanini and Great Music" is not a bad book; it is a futile book. It embodies a musical ideal and orientation, which while acknowledging and raising the excellence of *one* exclusive body of musicians under *one* conductor, and in *one* theater, denies all recognition to the "lesser lights" of music. This exaggerated exclusiveness has injured and retarded our musical life considerably. The old-timers of Carnegie Hall will undoubtedly read it with great relish, but such artful *causeries* are definitely relics of the last generation, which faced music as an exhibition. We have now a more enlightened public and we have many eager youngsters who leave their colleges knowing great music. While just as profoundly impressed by Toscanini as Mr. Gilman, they are none the less aware of the narrowness of the modern concert industry and are happy to find some of the greatest music in more modest surroundings.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 238)

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS: PAINTING.

A man of real taste is always a man of judgment in other respects. . . . Some of the greatest names of antiquity who have most distinguished themselves in works of genius and imagination were equally eminent for their critical skill.

Star-eyed Travel

STARS TO WINDWARD. By Bruce and Sheridan Fahnestock. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

I SUPPOSE there will always be nice old ladies and wide-eyed college boys who will like this sort of thing, but it sets one reviewer's teeth on edge to read of such youngsters as the brothers Fahnestock, who call their trip a scientific "expedition," though their training has been largely social, and set off to raise Halliburton-whoopee around the world. It was a fine sixty-five foot schooner they had, and they doubtless would be grand companions in any yacht club, but I shudder to read of this nautical gallivanting and the misinformation it produced. I am completely in accord with the colonial administrators who complain that there has been too much nonsense already written about their simple lands.

The Fahnestocks fought their way through giant cobwebs in the Galapagos Islands and figuratively continued to do so for the rest of their three-year cruise. On Tower Island they found the place where old frigate birds came to die, and on Floreana they pondered at length the tragedy—which is no news now—of the colonists who were mysteriously done to death some years ago. At Nukahiva they report seeing those very gentle natives drink the spouting blood of cattle to absorb the animals' strength—an assertion that would please the mischievous Marquesans mightily. They state that Nordhoff and Hall are "exactly alike," whereas two more different men cannot be imagined. In the Wallis Islands they were convinced that the natives raised Airedales to eat them. Their caprice was endless and their credence incredible. They had to sell their schooner in Manila, then pushed on to China, where they saw the beginning of the war. The conflict forced them to leave the country at last.

The writing on the whole is fairly good, despite the sentiments contained in it and the "brotherhood of the seas" clichés. The book should be quite comfortable tucked between "Beam Ends" by Errol Flynn and "Enchanted Vagabonds" by the redoubtable Dana Lamb.

Life Goes On

ALL THAT MATTERS. By Peter Mendelssohn. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by S. A. NOCK

ONE of the most distinguished German names, all myths to the contrary notwithstanding, is Mendelssohn. In this book, another Mendelssohn has added to the distinction of the name. "All That Matters" is one more document for the future historian of an incredible time. Yet it is unlike many novels on the Germany of Hitler in emphasizing not the terrors and horrors of Nazi bestiality, but rather the effect of such conduct on ordinary, good-natured people.

At a moment when the world has kowtowed to Hitler and let him have his own way entirely, such a novel is valuable if only as a reminder of what we easily let slip our minds. It is, however, much more than a repetition of what Hitler is doing, much more than an account of the sufferings of his victims. It is a story of people, individual, vivid, attractive, lovable people, and of their joys and sorrows. Far more important than Hitler, than his cruelty and violence, are these men and women. In "All That Matters" we have men and women, vigorously alive and imperatively interesting. Mendelssohn has written a sad and moving story; but in the end it is not sad. Not to be overlooked is the fact that he has written it in English, an idiomatic and exciting English.

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The New Books

Biography

FANNY KEATS. By Marie Adami. Yale University Press. 1938. $3.

Fanny Keats was dull. There was no malice in her, but she was dull. Like Fanny Brawne, she was with difficulty made to realize that the poems John Keats wrote during a few fever-tossed years would give him a place "among the English poets." For a long time she refused to permit publication of his letters to her on the grounds that they were "written to a mere child, and of no public interest." The only bond between her and her brother was family affection. Yet Keats did not resent it that his younger sister could not play Dorothy to his William. He loved the little mouse, and his letters to her during her virtual imprisonment at Abbey house show how tenderly he sought to prepare her for the day of her release. After his death Fanny was soon married to a madcap Spanish gentleman who, having dissipated most of her fortune in a hare-brained invention, carried her off to Spain, where she settled down, very capably, to the management of her children and her children's children. She lived to be eighty-six. She never returned to England. On a visit to Italy in 1861 she shed an honest tear at her brother's grave. In still later years she fumbled conscientiously with literary matters that came up more and more as the world claimed John Keats.

Marie Adami does not call Fanny Keats dull, but "inarticulate" — a distinction which one is willing to concede to the biographer. Despite big gaps in her available information, she pieces together a coherent and interesting study. The book begins as a biographical narrative, but in progress the text gives way more and more to scholarly discussion. At the end there is a cache of valuable information on the history of letters and other materials relating to John (and Fanny) Keats.

A. C.

Fiction

ORANGEFIELD. By Elisabeth Kyle. Bobbs-Merrill. 1938. $2.

This is a tenuous and rather charming novel of the patterns in which one woman lived. Reared in nineteenth century elegance, which her mother managed to preserve in spite of their poverty, Frances was scarcely aware of the uncouth twentieth century world outside. She married and had a salon during the *fin-de-siècle* elegancies of the Edwardian era; but as she grew older, she saw how unreal both eras had been, and how unsatisfactory to herself.

Nor are the patterns those of the centuries alone. For Frances had observed in her mother's life that love is not everything. Therefore she chose to marry stupid Hugh and Orangefield rather than clever Hilary and a semi-detached house in the North; and came to realize of course that her choice was as bad as her mother's. The post-war years found her still surrounded by her nineteenth century bibelots and the memories of her Edwardian glories, bitterly learning that if you turn away from life, the time will come when life turns away from you.

Miss Kyle is extremely clever in catching the exact sound and intonation of overheard talk; whether it is the squabbling of children or the babble of passing guests at a garden party. Nevertheless, her characters are dream creatures drifting in the formal figures of a dance to distant echoes of familiar tunes.

K. S.

FIFTY YEARS A WOMAN. By Ishbel Ross. Harper's. 1938. $2.50.

Ishbel Ross presents the panorama of one woman's life in a new and comprehensive manner. Her heroine is ten years old when the story opens and fifty when it closes. The intervening years are presented as on a five-paneled screen, each panel covering a decade of Mary Leith's life as revealed on the focal-point of a birthday. This technique is handled with skill and is pressed into high effectiveness. It gives rapidity of movement to the narrative, allowing sharp breaks in time that heighten the tension, and it makes possible the elimination of periods through which the characters must live, but which if detailed would add nothing to the whole.

Five birthdays are recorded, and each is large with decision. At ten Mary wakes into a child's world, safe, warm, and protected. The same night closes upon a new world where choice and work are to predominate. At twenty she chooses the stage in preference to matrimony. After ten years of stage success, as she feels the advance of younger actresses threatening her, she turns graciously to marriage. At forty her birthday once more divides sharply. She wakes to security and happiness, strong in the sense of being a successful wife, but when she tries to sleep that night she has the bitter knowledge that her husband loves another woman and wants a divorce.

The fiftieth birthday finds life put together again in some kind of working order. What Mary cannot change she can accommodate herself to. It is this combination of strength and flexibility, of self-interest and imagination, that gives Mary Leith a resilient reality. There is zest in her personality, she has both courage and practicality at her command, and if her tempo slackens as the birthdays pass, if colors high at first later tend toward the pastel—blame life, not Ishbel Ross, for that.

G. G.

CRANBERRY RED. By E. Garside. Little, Brown. 1938. $2.50.

In this remarkable first novel Mr. Garside enthusiastically embodies an idea that of all the Yankees the Cape Cod Yankee is the worst. There may be some truth in the notion. But Mr. Garside's pride in his scandalous hero is overwrought. His method of building the marvelous giant, out of a wealth of over-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER WILL SPEAK *J. J. Connington* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Unstrung wife drowns in Scottish burn. Casanovian London clerk sticks head in gas-oven. Clinton Driffield unsnarls nasty mess.	Glandular disturbances, "poison-pen" letters, radio, financial jugglery, and illicit love superbly mixed — with extra kick to solution.	They don't come better
WELL DRESSED FOR MURDER *Laverne Rice* (Crime Club: $2.)	Actress wife of first-family scion bashed at house-party. Second murder follows. Detective Cooper—aided by narrator—solves both.	No lack of suspects, atmosphere, and action, and people are all likable, but solution is another matter entirely.	Fair
THE TOWER OF EVIL *John Rhode* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	T.N.T. cartridge kills heir to impoverished British estate. Jimmy Waghorn does most of footwork but Dr. Priestley solves it.	Suspects narrow down bit too quickly but for grim background, diversified action, and lively clue-chasing this is Dr. P. at best.	Ol' reliable
THE CASE OF THE CHEATING BRIDE *Milton Propper* (Harpers: $2.)	Poison slays Phila. heiress at end of honeymoon voyage. Sleuth Rankin unveils family skeletons and outwits too-clever criminal.	Value of yarn lies in shrewd plotting rather than slightly wooden characters and perfunctorily described events.	Passable
THE COCKS TAIL MURDER *Hugh Austin* (Crime Club: $2.)	Womanizing chicken-fancier (tautology?) slain at hennery door. Lt. Peter Quint picks proper party from flock of likely killers.	Sub-rosa love affairs of N. Y. suburb get thorough airing in forthrightly written, ably characterized, and well worked out yarn.	Top drawer

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statement, is also the creature's undoing. Symmes, in the flesh, is not so heroic.

Being human, although a Cape Cod Yankee, he is likely on occasion to be warmly humorous, sometimes anxious, often foolish, often tired, now and then repentant. His reserve of tenderness, cautiously spent on his little hound, may once in a dog's age overflow toward and touch even another Yankee. His fury, in part the product of three centuries of inbreeding, stops at malevolence; he is not old enough to partake of pure evil.

There impinge upon him, briefly and often violently, the nervous dyspeptic young man who comes to work for him and through whom the story is wryly told; then the indifferent Mrs. Symmes and their sleek son; his help at cannery and bog—Portygee and Italian and Irish; the local banker, lawyer, police chief, and various bums. These are types for the most part carefully observed and well-drawn. Of them all, the lawyer alone can touch Symmes because his sense of property is the greater. Symmes can create property, ferociously, but he doesn't know how to perpetuate it. This problem the course of events brings to insolubility, and the cranberry grower at last is left to his unremitting, lonely, level creation.

The Portygee—that black or brown or almost purple fellow who has done nearly all the hard labor on Cape cranberry bogs—comes to the very life in these pages. But the full irony of his situation Mr. Garside fails to exploit. It is a tender subject on the Cape.

Mr. Garside's language and ideas are fresh, strong, and occasionally revolting. He will no doubt learn that excessive qualification rapidly weakens his purpose, that overstatement immediately defeats it. He will learn that simile and metaphor won't convince or adorn, when fetched too far. He will learn too not to baffle the reader by careless intrusion of his own conviction into a paragraph already confused with several characters' points of view. And in his concern for various sordidities, he might well spare us much dull redundance.

But Mr. Garside's best is first-rate. His worst shows excellent promise. We hope that he will come again with a story better fit for his nervous talent.

A. P.

Miscellaneous

CANOE COUNTRY. By Florence Page Jaques. Illustrated by Francis Lee Jaques. University of Minnesota Press. 1938. $2.50.

This is the informal diary of a woman who had never been in the woods and was taken on a canoe trip through the wild Arrowhead Reservation of northern Minnesota by her artist husband. She was a good observer, easily thrilled; a good sport also, with a sense of humor and a literary touch in her descriptions of gentian-colored lakes, crying porcupines, and primeval moose. Also, like Thoreau, she enriched her journal by quotations from early explorers who had preceded them in that wilderness. The pictures are excellent, strong blacks and whites, with a real feeling of the North, and excellent line.

H. S. C.

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD TOM DREIER, who edits *Shining Lines*, house organ of the Mergenthaler Linotype Co., has a disturbing suggestion for busy people in a stew. He says, Read over the carbons of the letters you wrote last year. His idea is that we'll be amused to find that lots of things we were in a lather about didn't really matter. ☞On the other hand when we look over old carbons we're just as likely to get more steamed up than ever. We find so many good ideas we never properly followed through. ☞An agreeable surprise was a letter from the Amymay Studio of Design and Color, Pasadena, telling us about their fourth annual Weed Show—"to bring the joy of finding beauty in common things." Old Q. has a private Weed Garden of his own at The Fantods, but he had no idea anyone else had the same notion. ☞We'd like to know what won the prize. ☞Mills College, at Oakland, Calif., recently held an exhibition of books and ephemera by the late T. E. Lawrence, loaned by Flodden W. Heron of San Francisco. ☞Frank Hollings, 7 Great Turnstile, Holborn, London, offers in his catalogue 212 selections from the personal library of Thomas Hardy, including textbooks from his schooldays. ☞Alfred W. Paine, 113 East 55, N. Y. C., lists at $3.50 a presentation copy of George W. Melville's *In the Lena Delta,* the famous narrative of the search for De Long of the *Jeannette*. This book was revived in memory by the recent publication of Commander Ellsberg's story of the *Jeannette* expedition. ☞The Facsimile Text Society, 2960 Broadway, has issued its first "Pipe Roll," a bulletin of its doings, including the good news that the facsimile of the 1609 *Sonnets* is again in print and available at $1.25. ☞The term Pipe Roll, which has nothing to do with smoking, will be familiar to historians and antiquaries. Others can find out by writing for a copy, which incidentally will give good suggestions for Yuling.

☞While on antiquities, many thanks to Frank Everest Moffat for a photo of one of the rooms in the newly restored house (43, King Street, Convent Garden) where Sir Kenelm Digby once lived and grew cucumbers in the back yard. Sir Kenelm's cucumber patch was later built over by the famous "Cave of Harmony" (a cabaret frequented by Thackeray in his youth) and then by the boxing-ring of the National Sporting Club. All this would have pleased the lively Sir K., also the beautiful restoration of the premises by the new tenants Messrs. George Munro, Ltd. ☞One of the most pleasantly written announcements is that of Mr. Basil Blackwell, describing—and almost apologizing for—the new buildings of the well-loved old bookstore (B. H. Blackwell, Ltd.) on Broad Street, Oxford. ☞The clearing of the site for the vast new Bodleian Library next door caused old 48 and 49 to totter, says Mr. Blackwell, and the whole premises (48 to 51 and the oddities behind them) were reconstructed—"in no spirit of magnificence," writes Mr. Blackwell, "but to put a new front on Broad Street which should be without offense, and not to spoil the homely character of the interior." ☞We like Simon & Schuster's blurb for Ed Streeter's *Daily Except Sundays:* "This is a book written by a man who went 216,000 miles without getting anywhere." ☞In other words, it's a book about commuting. It is gaily and sternly written by a Long Islander who knows what he's talking about, and Gluyas Williams's drawings will uncorrugate the brow of many a suburban sire. ☞The October issue of *Poetry* leads off with eight new poems by Edna Millay. We learn from *Poetry's* news notes that John Crowe Ransom is editing a new quarterly at Kenyon College (Gambier, Ohio) "to be devoted mainly to criticism."

☞Speaking of the Muse, Hudson Strode makes good sense in his introduction to his anthology *Immortal Lyrics* (Random House). He made a special study of thirty Elizabethan and Caroline lyrists in search of a "common denominator." All he could find was that twenty-seven of them went to Oxford or Cambridge, and most of them were of good family. The lyric (of that period) he suggests "sprang from culture rather than from the people." ☞Hugo Schwenker writes from Sauk City, Wis., that if we doubt the existence of poems of Hopeless Love, "take a gander at *Hawk on the Wind,* by August Derleth, published by Ritten House, Philadelphia."

☞Speaking of doings in Britain, readers of *Punch* have been amused by Marmaduke Dixey's occasional verses about bridge. This now appears entire as *The Beauties of Bridge,* "an Heroic Poem in Five Cantos" in the manner of Alexander Pope. Mr. Dixey announces his purpose:—

To justify, as well as couplets can,
The complex ways of Culbertson to Man

and we like his condemnation of a certain hostess:—

. . . . Her table she besets
With sweets, trays, tumblers, siphons, cigarettes.
Hemmed in by stores, the embarrassed players feel
It's not a game they're asked to; it's a meal.

☞One of our most favorite characters in literary history is the old Quaker doctor who refused to recommend for publication Havelock Ellis's books on sex. He said they were legitimate for

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professional readers but not for general circulation; and the restriction would be fallible. Even if no one else were corrupted, he warned, "There are always the compositors." ☞It reminds us of the prurient young man who felt he would never Know All until he had read those encyclopædic series of de luxe limiteds about Moslem Anthropology and the complete editions of the 1000 Nights Plus One, &c. ☞The books however are so costly, and so carefully guarded, the only way he could get at them was by obtaining a job as proofreader for the Shamasutra Society (or whatever it's called) in Bombay. ☞This took him thirty years; by which time he was too old and too disillusioned to get any fun out of it anyhow. ☞What the moral of all this is we do not inquire; perhaps old Havelock Ellis, whose 80th birthday comes next year, will tell us.

☞Clarence Gohdes of Duke University sends us some delightful poem titles from the literature of ante-bellum Georgia. Here is our favorite:—*To a Young Lady Whom I Saw Washing Her Lily-White Hands on the Back Piazza at Sunrise in the Morning.*

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 9)

two axioms—that capitalism must not displace an increasing number of workers nor lower the relative wages of those employed and that capitalism must not raise prices higher and faster than wages —are so self-evident that little amplification was needed in establishing their validity. In the case of the third and fourth axioms, however—that capitalism must not distribute a large segment of its national income to the upper income groups and that capitalism must be ever-expanding—it was obviously of primary importance to establish completely their validity. As a matter of fact, as anyone may note, nearly half of Chapters VI and VII in which these two axioms are studied, is devoted to the task of showing *why* it is that capitalism must not violate these axioms. For example, the opening sentence of Chapter VII is, "The basic purpose of this chapter is to examine the thesis that capitalism must be ever-expanding."

Mr. Scroggs asserts that I use "only American statistics." May I suggest that he examine, for example, the reference notes to be found on page 105.

Finally he draws a parallel to 1865-80, stating that, "if the seeds of destruction were then in the system, they gloriously failed to germinate." I assume that by drawing this parallel, Mr. Scroggs was implying that as capitalism arose out of dark years following the Civil War, it would also arise out of the dark years in which we now find ourselves. As a matter of fact, I did not take a depression period for the major part of my analysis; I selected the most favorable period capitalism has ever known, 1923-29, for the most intensive part of the study. Furthermore, it is not possible to compare the economy of today, so largely industrial, with the predominately agricultural economy of 1860-85.

JOHN M. BLAIR.

Washington, D. C.

Mr. Scroggs Replies

SIR:—This reviewer does not wish to enter into any controversy on matters of opinion concerning the merits of Mr. Blair's interesting study, and therefore will limit his reply to a few matters of fact.

(1) In using the word "axiom" to describe Mr. Blair's canons of conduct for capitalism, he was merely adopting that author's own language, with no intention of ascribing to him "the manner of an Olympian deity." Mr. Blair not only describes his postulates as "axioms" but three times in a single paragraph (p. xvii) he assures us that they are "self-evident."

(2) As to the use of statistics, this reviewer is aware that in one brief paragraph of a 400-page volume Mr. Blair cites some data of commodity prices in foreign countries. These figures, however, cover a period of only four or five years and afford no basis for any general conclusions with regard to the capitalist system. The significant data are exclusively American and reflect distortions of the post-war period to such a degree that it is hazardous to use them as a basis for general conclusions about the future of capitalism. The author either disregarded or else did not know of the great wealth of world economic statistics which has been made available in publications of the League of Nations. In any adequate treatment of capitalism today the use of this material is essential.

WILLIAM O. SCROGGS.

New York City.

PERSONALS

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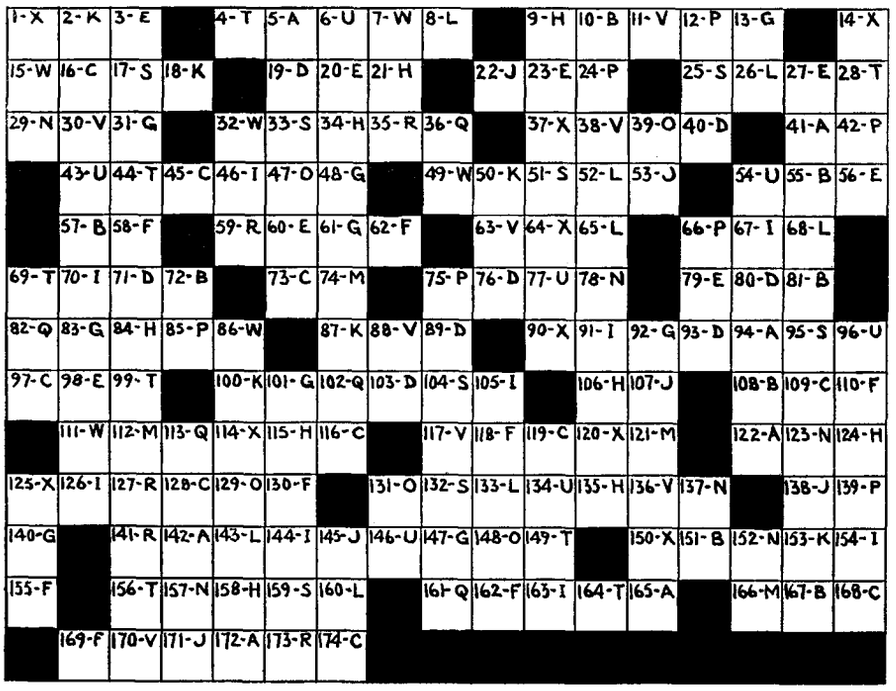
Double-Crostics: No. 239

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Impairing.

B. Angel who transformed toad back to Satan (Paradise Lost).

C. English essayist (1874-1936).

D. Notation of the purity of a product.

E. American novelist (1857-).

F. The Apostles addressed them to their Christian Brethren.

G. Supple.

H. Purified to its essence.

I. Birthplace of Erasmus.

J. Author of the Rollo Books.

K. Jehovah.

L. Noises (vb.) abroad.

M. Amer. Rev. orator-patriot.

N. Supply with courage.

O. Makes void.

P. Lydian Queen who enslaved Hercules.

Q. The "upper story" (humorous).

R. Remote allusions.

S. Speaks hastily and indistinctly.

T. Darting along.

U. Regarded with attraction or favor.

V. Accommodating.

W. Amorous eyers.

X. Historical Devonshire seaport.

WORDS

122 94 142 5 172 41 165

57 108 167 55 10 151 81 72

97 109 116 174 45 168 119 73 128 16

80 76 103 71 93 19 89 40

98 56 23 3 27 79 60 20

62 169 118 155 58 162 110 130

83 147 13 101 48 31 92 61 140

21 158 34 106 135 124 115 84 9

91 163 105 46 67 154 126 70 144

171 145 53 107 138 22

18 87 50 100 153 2

68 133 52 65 26 143 160 8

74 166 112 121

29 123 157 152 78 137

148 129 39 47 131

42 75 12 139 85 66 24

161 113 36 102 82

35 127 173 141 59

104 159 33 132 95 17 51 25

69 99 44 4 156 28 164 149

43 96 77 134 54 146 6

11 117 170 38 63 88 136 30

15 32 111 7 86 49

120 90 150 1 37 125 64 114 14

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